

The TATLER

Vol. CLXX. No. 2208

and **BYSTANDER**

London
October 20, 1943



Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

V194

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality

Finnigans
OF BOND STREET
first
for handbags
LONDON · MANCHESTER
CAMBERLEY · TRURO

**HIGHLAND
QUEEN**
*Grand
Liqueur*

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. - Leith, Edinburgh
Distilleries - Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

For
INFLUENZA and COLDS
1/3 & 3/4
Cephos is safe
and certain
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere
in tablet and
powder form.
Including
Purchase Tax

**Grant's
Scotch
Whisky**
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

**PALACECOURT
HOTEL**
★ Bournemouth's most modern
Hotel. All Hotel Bedrooms
have private bathrooms en
suite. Dancing weekends.
Telephone in every room. ★
BOURNEMOUTH
Tel.: BOURNEMOUTH 7100

Bulmer's
CHAMPAGNE CIDER

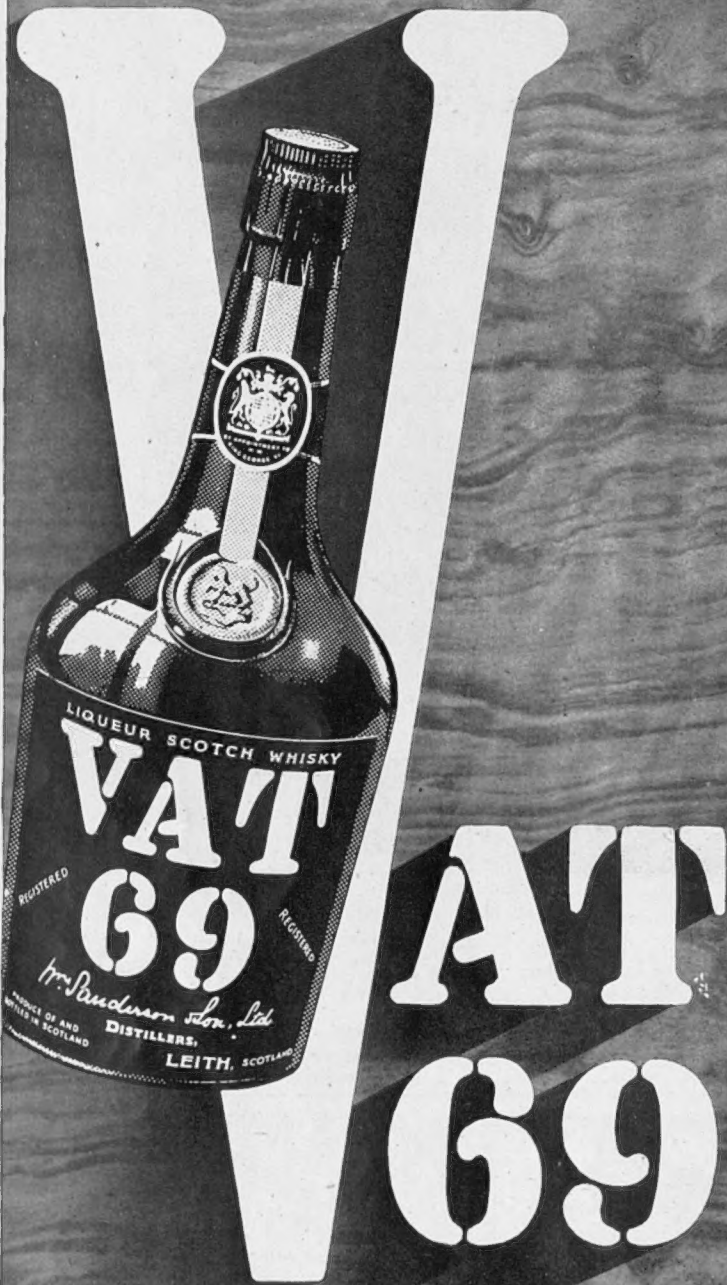
MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS



*Obtainable at all the best
Hotels and Restaurants*



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI



'Quality Tells'

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., LEITH

The Windak suit in use No. 2



ONE . . . TWO . . .

THREE . . .



*and it's
off!*

Quick release is another feature of the WINDAK flying suit (officially known as SUIT BUOYANT). First, a pull on the jacket zip; second, a pull on the leg zips; third, rip it off!

Everything has been provided for in this ace of operational flying suits; comfort, freedom of movement, ventilation, flotability, electric heating, ample pocket room.



WINDAK Suits incorporate features covered by Irvin Patent No. 407445 and others. BAXTER, WOODHOUSE & TAYLOR, LTD., Queen's Buildings, Stockport, Cheshire.

THE TATLER

LONDON
OCTOBER 20, 1943

and BYSTANDER

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXX. No. 2208

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Compton Collier

Lady Ardee With Her Son and Daughter

The wife of Major Lord Ardee was Miss Elizabeth Mary Bowlby before her marriage in 1940. She is the only daughter of the late Captain Geoffrey Bowlby, and of the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby, at whose home, Croughton House, Brackley, this photograph was taken. Her mother, who is a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen, is a sister of Viscount Valentia. Lord Ardee is the only son of the Earl and Countess of Meath and is in the Grenadier Guards. He and his wife have a son, John Anthony, and a daughter, Romaine Aileen, born last May



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Strategic

DR. ANTONIO DE OLIVEIRA SALAZAR is a mild man with a melancholy expression who appears to be more interested in philosophy than in politics. He is a quiet spoken and benevolent looking man, a bachelor and a teetotaler. His life's work has been the protection of the interests of Portugal, economically, politically and nationally. From his office in Lisbon he has watched Hitler's struggle for power in Europe; his domination by sudden military thrusts of the Low Countries and of France; his unsuccessful effort to humble Britain, and his continuous attempts to maintain a sinister influence throughout the Iberian Peninsula through his agents in Spain.

Dr. Salazar has watched this scene unfold dramatically and sometimes almost dangerously for his country. His one object has been to keep Portugal out of the war, if possible. But he has never had any illusions that sometime Portugal might be compelled to declare herself. Therefore he has always held the view that while Portugal has not been directly engaged in the struggle, she was in the war like the rest of nations because it is a world war.

British statesmen, on their way through Lisbon, have always enjoyed meeting and talking with Dr. Salazar. They have enjoyed his philosophic calm and detachment and, above all, his faith in Great Britain. Often this faith appeared to be tangled with melancholy, but he never allowed anybody the opportunity to doubt the strength of his friendship for Britain and his determination to maintain it at all costs. This, then, is the man who has just dealt Hitler a deadly and an unexpected blow. He has struck not only at Hitler's declining prestige, but also at what remains of his power to damage the cause of the United Nations through the U-boat.

Alliance

THE facilities which the Portuguese Government have granted to the British by way of

sea and air bases in the Azores are immensely valuable. By the skilful use of air power we have been able to trap U-boats in the Bay of Biscay. This has been fraught with many difficulties and hazards, all of which will be considerably reduced by the use of the Azores. The British Government approached Dr. Salazar some months ago and suggested that the possibilities of the Azores being placed at the disposal of Britain should be discussed. He promptly agreed and it was found that within the framework of the six-hundred-year-old Anglo-Portuguese Treaty this could be done without interfering with Portuguese sovereignty or her desire to maintain her neutrality. The negotiations were conducted by Sir Ronald Campbell, the British Ambassador in Lisbon, who was in Paris when France collapsed, and was the first to receive direct proposals from Marshal Badoglio for Italy's surrender.

Reaction

LISBON has been a city of lights, of gambling and gaiety, espionage and counter-espionage. But just as when Marshal Badoglio sent his agents to contact the British Ambassador, so when Mr. Frank Roberts, head of the Central European Department of the Foreign Office, flew to Lisbon to join in the negotiations, the lynx-eyed Gestapo missed him altogether. They appear to have accepted reports that Portugal was becoming angry with the Japanese, and were about to sever relations, or even to declare war on them to protect their interests in the Far East.

How such rumours came to be circulated, and accepted, is one of those delightful mysteries. But there is no doubt that they misled the Germans. Once again, there was fear that the Germans would react swiftly and angrily on the comparatively undefended city of Lisbon. Some weeks ago it was Stockholm which expected a sudden attack of this nature, because the Swedish Government had boldly protested to Berlin. In the first few days

nothing happened in Lisbon beyond the dimming of the lights of the once-gay city and the insistence on a blackout. It was thought—but it is much too early to be sure—that the Germans appreciate Lisbon as a listening post, a window on the rest of the world, far too much to do anything rash.

Indeed, there have been circumstantial reports lately that more than one German peace emissary has been at work in Lisbon trying to contact the Allies. I, for one, am prepared to accept these reports. The Germans would like to get peace now almost on any terms, either with the British or the Russians. They don't, obviously, want to extend their commitments in Sweden or in Portugal. They do not want to tempt the forces of the Allies to fight for more footholds on the European mainland. For this reason it seems that Hitler has been prepared to accept the rebuff delivered by Dr. Salazar, when he agreed to transfer sea and air base facilities to Britain in the Azores.

Vitality

THE Prime Minister is in his element when he is fully occupied. In the absence of Mr. Anthony Eden he has become once more leader of the House of Commons, and also responsible for answering questions on behalf of the Foreign Office. When all Mr. Churchill's other responsibilities are taken into account, this additional burden is not inconsiderable. But he revels in it, and last week showed how much he enjoys the cut and thrust of debate and the excitement of political tension. More than most people Mr. Churchill has the capacity to disarm even the most angry critic with a quickly-turned sentence and a roguish smile. To see him in action in the House of Commons is to recognise the presence of parliamentary greatness.

Decision

MARSHAL BADOGLIO has been anxious from the very moment that he assumed power in Italy to range his countrymen alongside the Allies and formally declare war on Germany. He has felt that only in this way could his countrymen give full expression to their antipathy, and to a renewal of their national destiny freed from Fascism. But Marshal Badoglio's problem has been to broaden the representation in his Government to give it the necessary national basis. This has been no easy matter, for Italian civic and national life has been robbed of the finest types of men



Prizewinner at the R.A.F. Horticultural Exhibition

The Duchess of Gloucester, in the uniform of Air Chief Commandant of the W.A.A.F., opened the exhibition and presented a trophy to G. Capt. C. K. Horner, for the R.A.F. station with the best food production record. Exhibits were sent from R.A.F. stations all over the country



At an A.T.C. Parade and Film Show

Fifteen hundred cadets took part in an A.T.C. parade in London, and later attended "Victory Through Air Power" at the New Gallery. At the cinema was Air Chief Marshal Sir William Mitchell, K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.F.C., and Lady Mitchell



Directing Welfare for the Troops

Maj.-Gen. Sir Colin Jardine, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., War Office Director of Welfare, has been touring the Middle East, Persia and Irak to see for himself how the troops are being looked after. He has been thirty years in the Army, and three times wounded



Battle of Britain Service in Algiers

All over North Africa services were held to commemorate the Battle of Britain. Amongst those who attended in Algiers were Air Vice-Marshal H. E. P. Wigglesworth (second from left), and Lt.-Gen. Sir Humphrey Gale, who is Chief Administrator under Gen. Eisenhower

sued to administration and political responsibility. By declaring war on Germany Marshal Badoglio will qualify his Government for Allied help, but the position of Italy under the surrender terms will not be altered. She will have to fulfil all the undertakings she has given and submit to Allied direction.

Conflict

CAPTAIN HAROLD BALFOUR is a courageous Conservative who believes in allowing the air of political controversy to circulate even in a Coalition Government. His speech attacking "Ministers who dangle endless control as the carrot to cure all evils at all times" was a deliberate attack on Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary. As Under-Secretary of State for Air, Captain Balfour was taking a chance when he criticised a senior Minister. But he is fearless and politically alive. He knows that people are not anxious to avoid orderly government but that they do hate the idea of being put in "State stays." It is a natural reaction of British people who are more politically conscious than those of other countries. They don't like being

bossed about by bureaucrats, and by Ministers who support the growth of bureaucracy.

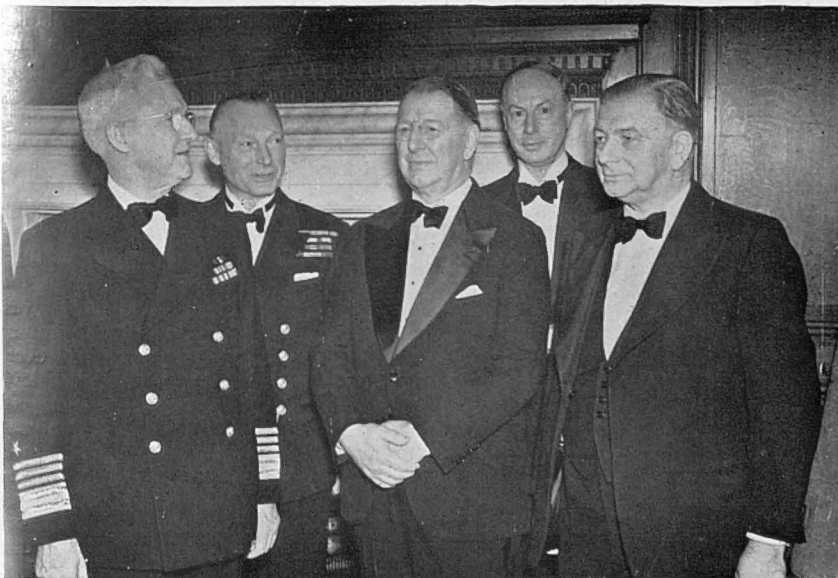
Mr. Herbert Morrison has made a habit of delivering regular harangues on all manner of subjects. Each time he delivers an oration the impression is subtly spread that he is the official spokesman of the War Cabinet. This does not happen to be true in most cases. Mr. Morrison is putting over a case for himself, and appears to take more pains—or has better assistance—in drafting his speeches. There is a lesson in this for other Ministers. If they must make speeches every so often, they should ensure that they are pretty competent speeches like Mr. Morrison's. But Mr. Morrison surely does not thoroughly understand the British people, otherwise he would not be fashioning his own boomerang by trying to frighten them with future controls at the same time as he exhorts them to fight for freedom for themselves and everybody else.

Reform

VISCOUNT HINCHINGBROKE has done the Conservative Party a good service. As Chairman of the Tory Reform Committee he

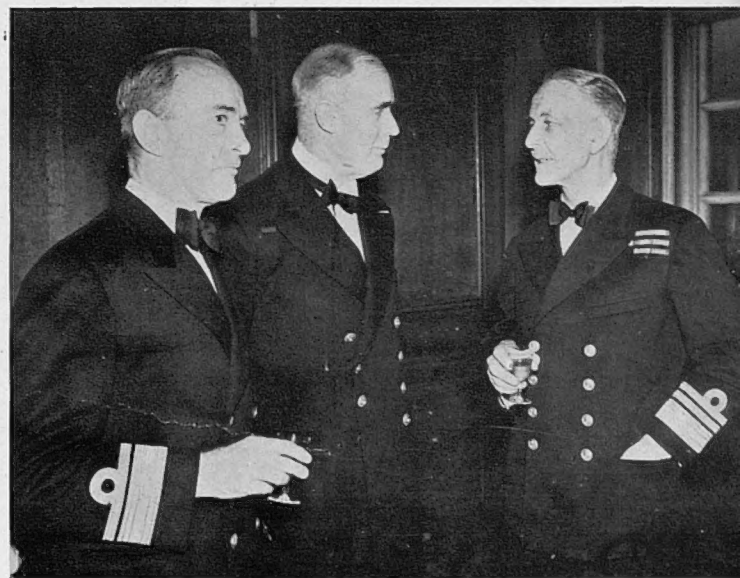
has issued a declaration setting forth a policy for the future. It is not an extravagant policy, nor is there anything remarkably new about it. It contains one profound thought, which is to the effect that there is no room in this modern world for a Conservative who imagines that his only job in life is to expose the fallacies of socialism. The Tory Reform Committee believe in progressive thoughts and policies, and they express the aspirations of ordinary people in much better and certainly more inspiring language than either Liberals or Socialists.

The great material needs of human society are peace and an adequacy of the essentials of life for every human being. This is a doctrine to which all can subscribe. But wisely the Tory reformers realise that while all may be united in such a common aim, there must be political differences for they are vital to real progress. These differences are mainly on the means by which the ends are to be achieved. The Tory reformers want adequate armaments after the war, continued conscription, employment for all, adequate homes for all, advanced education and social security of the Beveridge vintage.



Some of the Guests at a Greenwich College Dinner for Col. Knox

Col. Knox, Secretary to the U.S. Navy, was entertained to dinner at the R.N. College, Greenwich. Above are Admiral H. Stark, U.S. Navy; Admiral Sir John Tovey, C-in-C. the Nore; Col. Knox; Capt. Akhurst, Dean of the College; and Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty



This group, taken before the dinner in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, shows Rear-Admiral D. W. Boyd, Fifth Sea Lord; Admiral Sir Charles Little, C-in-C. Portsmouth; Vice-Admiral Sir E. Neville Syfret, Vice-Chief of Naval Staff. Col. Knox had previously inspected Sea Cadets at Westminster Pier

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Same Old Thing

By James Agate

MUST we go on seeing the same picture over and over again? I do not know which of its ingredients I am most tired of. (a) Norwegian quislings. (b) Nazi officers in full fling and flourish. (c) Norwegian patriots. (d) That bit of the Norwegian coast which has become more familiar than the front at Southend. (e) The model of it on the table at the British War Office. (f) The hearty British captain—or is he a lieutenant?—who knows every yard of the Norwegian landscape (having once spent a week's holiday there) and still preserves a sneaking regard for Hedwig, or Solveig, or whatever the little pig-tailed chit is called. (g) The chit herself now grown to splendid womanhood. (You remember how she tears herself from the arms of the Nazi commandant, to whom for patriotic reasons she has consented to become engaged, and remarking that she will be back in a minute, uses that space of time to telephone to Whitehall the details of an impending operation which she has elicited from her fiancé in his cups.) (h) The moving accidents by flood and field, and the hairbreadth scapes of the British captain crawling on his stomach through the Norwegian undergrowth. (j) The ocular demonstration that the mother-wit of a young gentleman straight from Marlborough and Sandhurst is more than equal to the entire stock of astuteness possessed by the German High Command. (k) The unexpected meeting with Solveig-Hedwig, the discovery of the pair by the Nazis, but too late to prevent the particular bit of sabotage with which all the nonsense is concerned. (l) The British warship arriving in time to take the pair back to old England. (m) That scene at the War Office in which the Captain is congratulated on having put up a good show. (n) The curtains coming together on some be-ribboned Major-General saying to the Captain: "By the way, Hetherington-Fother-

gill, d'you happen to know a little place called Olafshaven?" And H.-F. replies: "Do you mean, sir, the tiny village half-way between Earvic and Beervic? As a matter of fact, sir, I did a spot of fishing there in the summer of '37. . . . And if I may ask, sir, What About It?" "Well," says the General cautiously closing the door, "as a matter of fact, er—the War Office rather thought, er . . ." Which brings us to

THE END.

NOT one single item of the foregoing has been omitted from *First Comes Courage* (New Gallery). Merle Oberon is the young Norwegian lady with apparently nothing to do except sit about in satin gowns with fur cuffs, play Grieg on the piano and pretend to be in love with the Nazi major (Carl Esmond). Merle does all this, as she does everything else, exceedingly well. The hero, Captain Allan Lowell, could not, I suppose, be in better hands than those of Brian Aherne. This actor is the best of all possible representatives of what my revered colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, calls the Island Race. Throughout the entire film no change of expression, indeed, no expression of any kind is allowed to flit across what D.B. would call the Island Pan. In this film the sabotage is the blowing up of certain oil dumps. Hero and heroine in the middle of one of those popular motor-chases, the pursuers this time being the Nazi Staff, escape destruction by the skin of their teeth and the thickness of the outer covers of their back tyres; the staff car with all its occupants is, of course, blown sky-high. Whereupon Brian with true British monosyllabic phlegm says: "Good Show!" Met by the warship, he greets his rescuers with the equivalent of: "Hullo, chaps. How's tricks?" Yes, the film is very, very British.

I AM not quite happy about the ending. For one thing one of the Commando boys says: "We haven't finished yet; there's a lot more to be done." And then it occurs to Merle that, having married one of the Nazi officers now happily murdered, she has become the widow of a German hero and will, therefore, be a great figure in Nazi eyes. Which again will enable her to do a lot of bigger and better spying. So she declines to come to England with Brian. What this means, of course, is that the way is now clear for Columbia to make another picture on this theme. If I were Columbia I think I should wait a bit before starting a sequel and see how this one fares. At the trade show it was received with whoops of delighted laughter, not only by the critics but by odd members of the Forces scattered here and there. All the same, was it quite tactful of the band—or whatever serves as such—immediately after the final shot to break into "Johnnie's Got a Zero"?

Gentleman Jim (Warner and Regal, Marble Arch) is one of those things which the film does admirably and the theatre cannot do at all. It tells the life story of James J. Corbett, the prize-fighter; a life of this sort connotes pitched battles; and these again call forth crowds and excitement. Let it be said at once that the fights in this picture are brilliantly conducted, ingeniously differentiated and superbly photographed. *Crescendo and accelerando* are the director's indications here—ought I to have heard of Raoul Walsh before?—and the picture maintains its tension and excitement right to the end.

CORBETT started his career in a day when knuckle-fighting was held in as much disrepute as cock-fighting is now. But somehow, somewhere, the fights take place. Corbett's first successful encounter is with Jack Burke, the ex-British champion, we see one affray after another, and finally Corbett is matched against the great John L. Sullivan, Champion of the World but now slightly run to seed.

That, of course, is always the way. In the boxing ring youth will be served, largely because youth has the good sense to wait until its elders are on the downward path. Amurath succeeds Amurath; whereas what we want to see is all our boxing Amuraths in the ring together and all at the top of their form. Only by some such knock-out competition should we be able to decide how Joe Louis would have fared against Jack Dempsey or Jack Johnson, and how these in their turn stood in relation to Mitchell, Corbett, the earlier Sayers and Heenan and the great ones of the past.

I THINK it is perhaps a pity that the film ends where it does with Corbett seizing the crown from Sullivan. "Gentleman Jim," as he was called, was World Champion for the space of five years, after which in 1897 he lost the title to the Cornish boxer, Fitzsimmons. It would have been interesting to see how his gentility took that catastrophe, and to have pursued the hero's fortunes to the end would have given the film that little touch of tragedy without which no boxer's career is complete. However, what it does it does extremely well; the love interest, which might so easily have cloyed, remains nicely astringent, since it is only at the last minute that the lovers come into a clinch after a succession of sparring bouts not unworthy of Benedick and Beatrice. Errol Flynn is magnificently suited as Corbett, his air of genteel commonness being on this occasion more than right. Alexis Smith does wittily as the captivating little shrew, and there is a first-rate, even moving performance of Sullivan by Ward Bond. But when all is said and done the boxing is the thing. And in this respect the film is superb.



Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne Co-star in "First Comes Courage"

The film is reviewed by James Agate above. The pictures show (left) Merle Oberon as Nicole Larsen, a Norwegian patriot, with Carl Esmond as Major Paul Dichter, Commandant of the German garrison, whom she is forced to marry. On the right Nicole is with the man she really loves, Captain Allan Lowell (Brian Aherne), a British commando sent over from England to dispose of the German Commandant, whose knowledge is becoming embarrassing

"The Lamp Still Burns"

Leslie Howard's Last Picture Pays
Tribute To The Nursing Profession



1. Determined to be a nurse, Hilary Clarke (Rosamund John), a successful young architect, gets an introduction to the matron (Cathleen Nesbitt) of a large hospital. She is accepted as a probationer



2. One of Hilary's first patients is Larry Gains (Stewart Granger), a young factory owner who has been injured in an explosion. He is engaged to a girl who works in his factory and who was also injured in the explosion



3. Larry, now convalescent, is allowed to see his fiancée (Margaret Viner), who has been terribly burned. She realises that he no longer loves her and breaks off the engagement. This leaves Larry free to confess his love for Hilary



4. In spite of the fact that Hilary loves her new work, she finds the red tape of the profession extremely irksome. She is frequently in trouble with matron and the senior sisters, and her behaviour brings the threat of dismissal. Sister Catley (Joan Maude) has more than once to reprimand her severely

The Lamp Still Burns is the picture on which the late Leslie Howard was working when he so tragically lost his life. He supervised the production which is directed by Mr. Maurice Elvey. The film is a tribute to the nursing profession, and tells of the experiences of a young probationer, who, although already qualified as an architect, discarded her career to take up nursing, and found in her new work the complete satisfaction she was seeking. As far as possible, the film is authentic to the smallest detail. Surgical equipment was lent by various hospitals and scenes in the operating theatre were under the direct supervision of a sister, who is normally in charge of the operating theatre at one of the big London hospitals. The human note is introduced by the love story of Hilary (Rosamund John), a young probationer, and Larry Gains (Stewart Granger).



5. Two of the hospital surgeons are Sir Marshall Frayne (Godfrey Tearle) and Mr. Hervey (John Laurie). Hilary finds they are more human than she expected



6. One of the senior sisters, Christine (Sophie Stewart), sympathises with the difficulties of the young probationer and tries to help her. The two are talking in the corridor when matron descends upon them. They are severely reprimanded for the breach of discipline which talking in the corridor entails

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell



The two babies of the party are the only ones who find any satisfaction in their first love affair (Peter Hammond, Sheila Sim)



Life presents more serious problems for Brian, who plans to take Holy orders, and Vivien, who loves him (John Byron, Dulcie Gray)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Victor is elected leader of the boys just as Marian is chosen by the girls (Olga Edwardes, Anthony Dawson)

Landslide (Westminster)

THIS drama of adolescent adventure in the Alps comes to us from the French, but seems somehow to have lost its way. It promises to be a problem-raiser, but thinks, I won't say better, but less seriously, of it. In older days it might have been a morality-thriller, propounding, through the plight of its characters and their behaviour under stress, some such formidable riddle as: Where will you spend eternity? or what would you do if—?

The characters are five undergraduates on the downward stages of an Alpine climb. Full of beans and bounce, they come on a deserted hut-hotel, and break into it for a meal and a breather. As they ransack the hut, gratified by its passive but generous hospitality, we learn their names, characters and ambitions. Then, suddenly, out of the blue, comes a shock that checks their young-manly persiflage, and pulls them up all-standing. They discover that a recent landslide has cut them off from access to the valley, and left them inescapably marooned. Their stay amid the snows may be for years, if not for ever.

FACED thus with one of those profound dilemmas which furnish sententious playwrights with dialectical dynamite, they survey the prospect and elect a leader. Such humdrum questions as food, fuel and light do not arise. The hut has all such necessities. And after somewhat perfunctory tributes to fortitude and chagrin, stiff upper lips relax, and quips and cranks are resumed.

Then, not altogether out of the blue—for the programme has forewarned us—four game and gamesome girls arrive, also seeking accommodation, and chivalry seasons badinage. The landslide predicament is explained to the girls, who take it more than well, and the scene is set for what, in older days, might have been fisticuffs with fate and personal cadenzas on the theme of courage, but which here assumes less specific gravity.

The landslide limits outdoor activity to local walks, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, so there is time and to spare for milder pastimes and less muscular exercise. And since the manners and customs of the times have little use for old-fashioned inhibitions and embarrassments that might have complicated the social problem, they settle down together to await the spring, and the melting of the snows, with native good humour and more or less common-room manners.

Boys will be boys, of course, all the world over, but no profounder issues are raised than goodwill and freedom from prudery can take in their stride. Moreover, they—both boys and girls—are sufficiently diverse in character and temperament to give interest to the

obvious questions: how will each sex behave to the other in such intimate propinquity and fateful circumstances; and what will the dénouement be?

THE answers given by the play to these questions are disappointing. The characters behave in a manner the French would dismiss as perfidiously English, and we as skittishly naïve. Flirtation rears its giddy head, but manages to keep its hair on, and except for the sad suicide of the most interesting of the girls, and the puzzled grief of the least callow of the young men, the dénouement is all that mother could wish. They are rescued intact.

Over this release from durance that was not too vile there is general joy; joy—and a tear. It clears up some youthful indiscretions,



Sheila is a flirtatious young thing and starts all kinds of trouble brewing amongst the boys. Serious tension is only narrowly averted by a timely rescue (Pearl Evans, Keith Campbell, David Peel)

redeems some tedious longueurs, puts an end to some kittenish posings and puppyish pawings, which the pussies and the pups will quickly forget; and it leaves us wondering how Barrie might have handled the whole ticklish business.

Had he been in charge of such sequestration among the snows, our reactions, though possibly a bit squeamish, would probably have been more appreciative, and the care, skill, and attention to detail which Mr. John Gielgud brought to the production would have been more worthily employed. He has given it many technical touches—timing, inflexions, and so on—that are delightfully effective.

The acting varies in experience and quality. Miss Dulcie Gray and Mr. John Byron not only have what seem to be the happiest opportunities, but make the most of them. The hut designed by Mr. Rolf Gerard, though perhaps a bit tall, like the story, is an admirable scene, and the eternal snows he has painted for the window prospect take both the playgoer's eye and the electrician's craft with beauty.



John Vickers

Peggy Ashcroft is the Star of the New Rodney Ackland Play

Peggy Ashcroft, the lovely young actress who was last seen in Mr. John Gielgud's revival of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, has a highly dramatic role in *The Dark River*, which was presented at the Whitehall Theatre last night. The action of the play takes place in an old house on a Thames backwater, and tells of the emotional struggle of a young woman torn between old loyalties to a divorced husband and new ties to the man she loves. The author, who is also the producer, describes it as "a play of 1937, seen through the eyes of 1943." *The Dark River* is presented by a new company called "The Contemporary Theatre," whose policy it is to put on new plays by British authors, in preference to revivals and American importations. They have collected a strong company for their first production, which includes, besides Peggy Ashcroft, Nadine March, Susan Richmond, Michael Golden, Ronald Simpson, Lawrence Hanray, Ivor Barnard and Wilfred Walter

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Princesses' Third Pantomime Venture

FOR the third year in succession, the King's daughters are producing their own pantomime. Their first venture, which was performed at Christmas 1942, was *Cinderella*, with Princess Margaret in the name-part and her elder sister a very elegant Prince Charming. The following year they chose *The Sleeping Princess*. What their choice is to be this year is still a secret, but rehearsals are starting and several children living near the royal home at Windsor have received invitations to attend the first "call." On the last two occasions the Royal Household Wool Fund has benefited from the performances, which were attended by villagers and troops stationed in the neighbourhood, as well as friends and relations of the Royal Family. Royal carpenters have now built a permanent stage with the full equipment of a modern theatre at Windsor Castle. It is used when, at Their Majesties' command, theatre companies give entertainments at the Castle, and this year it will, of course, be available for the Princesses' pantomime. It is very possible that once again Mr. Leslie Henson, who is a great favourite, will be called into consultation to give professional advice on the problems of production and casting.

The Three Services

S/LDR. LORD CARISBROOKE has now seen service with the Navy, the Army and the Air Force. He was in the Royal Navy until he was twenty-two, served with great distinction in the Grenadier Guards during the last war, and is now with the R.A.F. In the interval of peace he turned his attention to the City and became a director of the Eagle Star Insurance Company and of Lever Brothers. He has little time for social affairs these days, and his last appearance as a member of the Royal Family was over a month ago at Buckingham Palace, when he was with the King and Queen at the march past of Civil Defence personnel on Battle of Britain Sunday. Two other peers who, like Lord Carisbrooke, work on the less spectacular but none the less essential side of the R.A.F. are Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord Stanstead, still better known, perhaps, as Sir Wedgwood Benn, both of whom are at the Air Ministry.

Bon Voyage

THE Prime Minister was in excellent form and in very good spirits when he attended the dinner in honour of the Viceroy-Designate and Lady Wavell. It was an occasion on the grand scale, and the women there did justice to it, their evening dresses lending a pre-war brilliance to the scene. Mrs. Churchill scintillated in sequins; Mrs. Amery (who acted as hostess) chose pink tulle; Lady Wavell, Lady Willingdon and Lady Anderson were equally magnificent. There were only two speeches—Mr. Churchill's and the response by Lord Wavell. The majority of the guests were connected in some way or another with the public life of India; Lord Lytton was there, Sir Roger Lumley, Sir John Anderson, Lord Hailey, Lord Moyne, Lord Winterton and many more.

New Home

LORD and Lady Ormonde have chosen the top-floor flat in Orchard Court, which used to belong to Lord Decies, for their new home in London. They moved in a short time ago, and a week or so back invited a number of their friends to celebrate. Their daughter, Lady Moyra Weld Forester, was there to help her parents entertain (she came along after her day's work in a Government office); Lady Leathers was an early-comer, and so was Mrs. Gilbert Elliott, who is expecting her daughter Cynthia to arrive home from Lisbon any day now after three years as a prisoner-of-war in Germany. Count Larish was there with one of his co-factory workers, Lady Lucan; he was talking to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, so proud that her daughter Nefertari is the mother of a little boy. Lady Bruntisfield brought her beautiful greyhound, "Boy," with her; the new Governor of Chelsea Hospital, Sir Clive Liddell, was there; so were Sir John and Lady Kennedy.

In London

THE Countess of Gainsborough arrived back in England with her family several months ago. She has made her headquarters at the Hyde Park Hotel, where her suite has quickly become the same warm welcoming place which she made of her rooms at the Shoreham Hotel



A Visit from the Duchess

The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by Capt. Malcolm Bullock, M.P., and Lady Rachel Davidson, visited the Red Cross and St. John Hospital Library Department in London, and was received by a guard of honour of nurses

in Washington. Lady Gainsborough's kindness, quick wit and Irish sense of humour made her extremely popular in America, and everyone who met her over there makes a point of looking her up when they arrive in London. Her rooms are a meeting-place for friends from both sides of the Atlantic.

The Gainsboroughs were on a trip to the United States when war broke out, and Lady Gainsborough decided to keep her children there until her son, Tony, the young Earl of Gainsborough, was old enough to join up. He and his younger brother, the Hon. Gerard Noel, did very well at school in Washington, while their sister, Lady Maureen Noel, worked part-time at the British Embassy there. Now they are all at home again; Tony is in training for the R.A.F. somewhere in the country, Maureen is working six days a week in the photographic department of the American



The St. Alban's Ball Held in London in Aid of the St. Alban's Centre Reconstruction Fund

Mrs. Winant, wife of the American Ambassador in London (centre), was joint chairman of the ball. With her here is General P. E. Peabody, U.S. Army, and Lady Hollenden. A few days later Mrs. Winant's elder son was reported missing after a raid on Munich

Four young people enjoying the ball were Miss F. Harrison, Lt. Carson, U.S. Army, Viscount Dangan and Miss Anne Dickinson. Mr. Carson comes from New York, and Lord Dangan is the elder son of Earl Cowley



A Gift from America

With Lady Londonderry, Mrs. Clark H. Minor inspected one of the eight mobile canteens given to the Women's Legion by the British War Relief Society of America (of which her husband is President). Behind is Mrs. Marjorie Roberts, Commandant of the Legion

Office of War Information, and young Gerry is still studying.

Food Brought but Not Bought

THE austerity of catering arrangements these days made little difference to the huge crowd which thronged the Dorchester's ball-room when the St. Alban's Ball was held in aid of St. Alban's Social Centre Reconstruction Fund. The ankle-length robes of the many priests who were there—one was quite magnificent in black satin—served as a reminder of the good purpose underlying the evening's fun and encouraged people to bid freely when the auction was started by Miss Anne Croft. Guests were received by Mrs. John Winant, who was helped by Lady Hollenden, as her fellow-chairman, Mrs. Gordon Moore, was unable to be there. Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, who, with her customary generosity, had



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Designs for Ballet at the National Gallery

The exhibition of Ballet Design, organised by C.E.M.A. at the National Gallery, was opened by Mme. Karsavina, the famous Russian Ballerina. She is seen above with Mr. Philip James, Director of Art of C.E.M.A., Mr. Arnold Haskell, who collected the material, and Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery. The exhibition closes on October 31st

contributed many of the most valuable gifts to the auction as well as a handsome cheque to the Fund, gave a private dinner-party before the dance started. Her guests included G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, with Lady Greig and their two daughters, Bridget and Jean, one of whom is in the F.A.N.Y., the other in the A.T.S.; Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys; Mrs. Dudley Porter; Colonel Francis Birkin; Lady Courtney (a grass widow in the absence of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney abroad); Major Peter Crisp, who arrived over here from Tasmania at the time of Dunkirk; and some young American Naval and Army officers. Another party was given by Lady Suenson-Taylor, the deputy chairman, who made it the occasion for the birthday celebration of her seventeen-year-old daughter, Monica, up in London for the day from her studies at Oxford. Sir Alfred Suenson-Taylor and his brother Charles, who is Conservative M.P. for Eastbourne, were in the party; so were Sir Arundell Neave and his mother, Lady Neave, the Hon. Ronald Greville, who came with Mrs. Amherst Villiers,

Lady Mallaby-Deeley, who has been working in a factory since she was sent home from her villa at Cannes, and several more. Another birthday was celebrated by Miss Diana Bulteel, who had a candle-decorated cake on her nearby table.

Round About

SEEN around London lately have been Marie, Lady Leigh with Mr. and Mrs. Raitt and the latter's grand-nephew and grand-niece; Lord Porchester and Lady Penelope Herbert; Lord and Lady Edward Hay with a party of young people; Jean, Lady Brougham and Vaux, out of her W.A.A.F. uniform for the occasion; and Lady Honor Llewellyn. The Duchess of Rutland, looking most attractive, was at the May Fair; the Duchess of Devonshire was also there on a short visit; so were Lady Mountgarrett and Lord Bingley. Lady Cripps held a small reception for her Aid to China Fund, which was attended by Mrs. Wellington Koo, and spoke most eloquently about China's tremendous struggle against Japan. The Hartnell show

(Concluded on page 88)



Some of Those Who Are Giving Their Support to the St. Alban's Fund

In conversation at one of the tables were G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini. She was vice-president of the ball

Lady Bruntisfield was looking happy. Her husband, formerly Sir Victor Warrender, Bt., was created a Baron in 1942

Lady Victor Paget, who does so much for war charities, and Father Eves found something to amuse them. The Rev. R. S. Eves was President of the Ball Committee

"It's the Younger Generation —Work, Work, Working in the War"



Lady Anne Spencer

The only daughter of Earl and Countess Spencer joined the W.R.N.S. in 1942, and is now a Third Officer. Her mother is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and she has one brother, Viscount Althorp. Her home is Althorp, Northampton

Two of the three daughters of Sir Reginald and Lady Clarry, of Chandos Court, Westminster, are in the W.A.A.F., and both are Section Officers. Sir Reginald Clarry is M.P. for Newport, Monmouthshire



Miss June Willock

The daughter of Air Vice-Marshal R. P. Willock is in the A.T.S. and a member of a theatrical company entertaining the Forces. She is playing in "Flare Path," in the role played by Adrienne Allen in London. Air Vice-Marshal Willock is A.O.C. Iraq and Persia

Photographs by Harlip, Swaebe, Navana,
Yevonde, Marcus Adams



Miss Noël and Miss Isobel Clarry



Miss Cynthia Joseph

Miss Joseph, younger daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Joseph, of The Hall, Alsagar, Cheshire, is serving in the W.R.N.S. Her elder sister was married last year to Capt. Peter Birley, R.A. Sir Francis Joseph received a baronetcy in the 1942 Birthday Honours.



Miss Diana Barnato

After transport driving for a time for the V.A.D., Miss Diana Barnato transferred to the A.T.A., and holds the rank of Second Officer. She is a daughter of W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato. She flies all types of singled-engined aircraft, besides light and medium bombers.



Miss Joan Fraser

The only daughter of Sir William and Lady Fraser is working for the American Army. Sir William Fraser is chairman of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and lives at Weybridge, Surrey. He has one son.



Mrs. J. W. Boyle

Miss Mary Leslie Gordon-Finlayson, W.R.N.S., only daughter of General Sir Robert and Lady Gordon-Finlayson, was married last week to Lt. John W. Boyle, R.N.V.R., younger son of the Hon. Reginald Boyle, M.C., and the Hon. Mrs. Boyle.



The Hon. Patricia Stourton

Since taking a secretarial training course, Miss Stourton has been working at the Foreign Office. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Mowbray and Stourton, of Allerton Park, Knaresborough, and made her wartime debut this year.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

LIKE the swords worn on grave occasions by British Cabinet Ministers and French Academicians, the Stalingrad sword of honour, now on public exhibition, is apparently not intended for use.

Ministers wear swords in theory to protect themselves from the just anger of the populace, but there is a mystery about it. Chesterton once challenged Asquith, encountered in full fig, to draw his sword. The Liberal statesman merely scowled horribly and shook his shaggy head, growling "Do not tempt me," so quite probably it was merely a fancy hilt glued shamefully on the sheath. The dress-rapiers of the Académie Française are real, so far as we can gather; not that half the Forty of a given year could ever wield a rapier in those palsied hands, especially those Academicians who look in their green uniform, as Léon Daudet unkindly said, like constipated chimpanzees. When Cardinal Armand de Richelieu founded the Academy everybody wore and used a sword, of course. But every literary boy elected to an Academy chair still has to make a fulsome speech in praise of his immediate predecessor, so it's a wonder more of them aren't pinked in the cloakroom, even now.

Bombshellette

MORE wonderful still, to us, is that in 300 years no new French Academician has ever blown the Dome off by saying

what he really thinks of his predecessor and some of the big boys, his rivals, sitting round. E.g.:

GENTLEMEN,

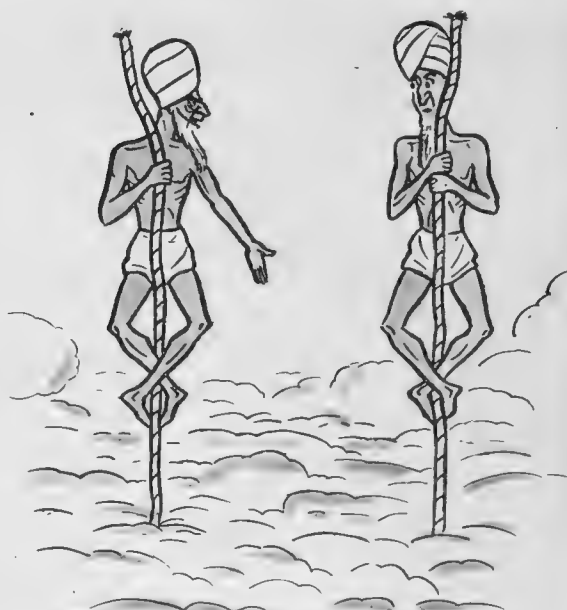
The honour you do me in electing me to this illustrious Company moves me no less deeply than the honour of occupying the seat of the late M. Machinchose, my eminent predecessor. This unspeakable tout (*goujat*) was perhaps no more of a menace to the booksy racket than some of the hideous forms I see round me at this moment. I am coming to them directly. Meanwhile, the execrable Machinchose (etc., etc., etc.).

We can see the evening paper headlines from here. "*Un Académicien indélicat*" is one of them. The Parisian Press boys are very fond of "indélicat" and invariably apply it to absconding bank cashiers. Could there be a more charming word for it?

Row

REPORTS of street-fighting in Verona will remind brooding lovers of Italy that in a small way Verona corresponds to our national Stratford racket, since it contains what is shown to British and American tourists as the house—or is it the tomb? we forget—of Donna Giulietta dei Capuletti, Shakespeare's Juliet.

Its authenticity is said to be somewhat hum-hum, likewise ho-ho, though the



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"Let's go down, now—I'm sure that was the 'All Clear'!"

Montecchi-Capuletti feud, which Shakespeare lifted from Bandello, was real enough. Anyhow, there are so many authentic palaces and tombs in Italy that one more or less uncertificated doesn't matter. The real lesson of Verona (to us) is that if the Montagues and Capulets had lived in a less splendid age and country and worn bowler hats, their vendetta might not have inspired some of the world's loveliest verse. For what is *Romeo and Juliet* but a typical small-town back-garden squabble?

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word
By thee, old Bagshaw, and old Shuffelbotham,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our
streets,
And made fair Streatham's ancient
citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching orna-
ments . . .

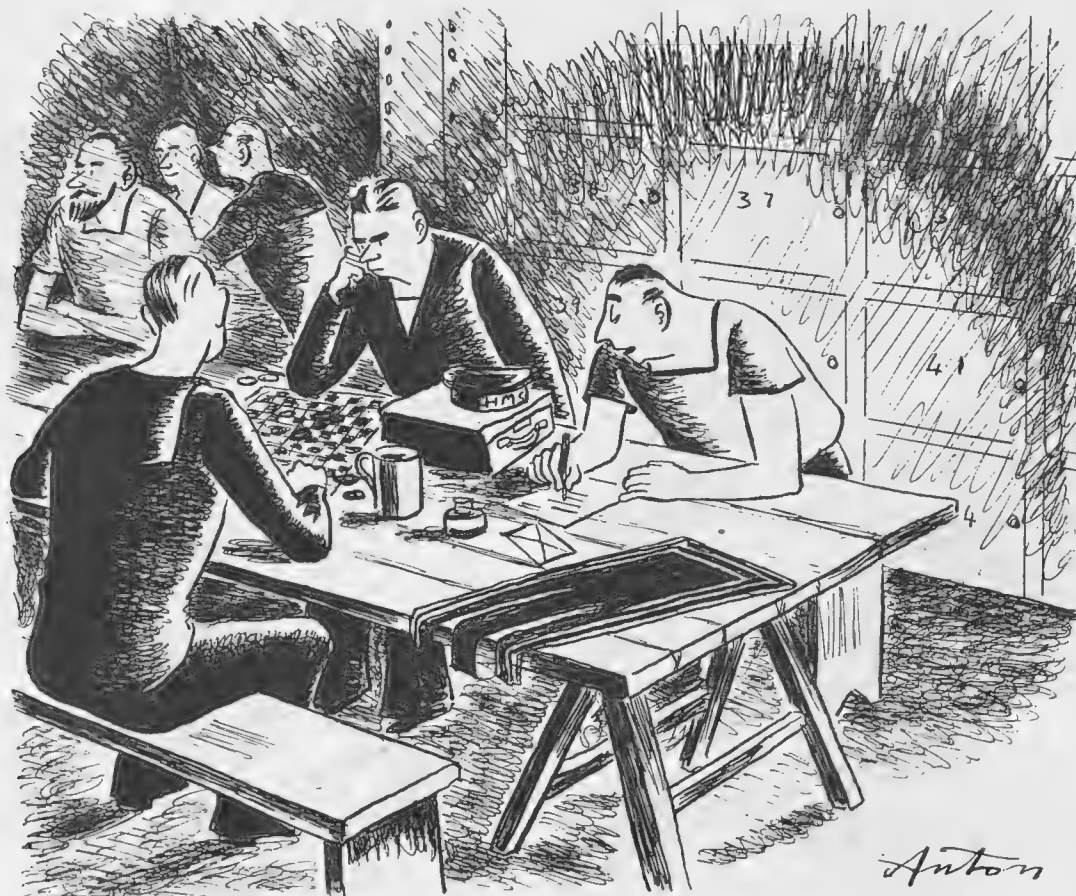
No.

No, not quite; and another tragic heroine who chose the right age to live in is the Reine Pédauque, our beloved Queen Goosefoot, for whose tomb we once searched Toulouse in vain, though it was shown for centuries in the cemetery of Notre-Dame de la Daurade. Fancy a goose-footed girl in tweeds (or maybe Wren blue) padding down Piccadilly! Yet in a vair-trimmed cramoisy Merovingian gown and a gold crown studded with balas rubies we bet that Pédauque baby looked a dream, poor sweet.

Change

COMMENDING the conscientious zeal for accuracy expended by artists on current military incidents, a chap might have added that the art boys began to find a conscience in these matters only a short time ago.

David's picture of Napoleon prancing over the snowy St. Bernard Pass on a fiery great snorting charger, for example, is celebrated; actually Napoleon crossed, like a sensible chap, on a mild safe mule recommended by the Prior of St. Bernard. Then there's the equally celebrated picture, by whom we forget, of Generals White



Anton

"My dear Wife—I am writing this to you very slowly as I know you cannot read very fast"

(Concluded on page 78)

The Harker Family Robinson

Gordon Harker in "Acacia Avenue"
is the Compleat Family Man



The Robinsons Conspire to Deceive Their Children



Doris Rogers and Arthur Farrell are neighbours of the Robinsons. Their advice is more freely given than accepted



Two girls in love, the maid and the daughter of the house, find they have a lot in common (Megs Jenkins, Yvonne Owen)

When the Robinsons find that their children will not accompany them on a holiday cruise they make other plans. Gordon Harker and Dorothy Hamilton appear as Mr. and Mrs. Robinson



Gordon Harker in the Latest of Gent's Natty Cruising Gear, 1939

● *Acacia Avenue*, written by Mabel Constanduros and her nephew, Denis, is a family play about ordinary people. For the first time it gives Gordon Harker the opportunity of discarding the familiar Cockney crook and/or detective role. In *Acacia Avenue* he is just a fond parent with all the problems and pleasures of a nearly grown-up family. The innocent

deception in which he and his wife (played by Dorothy Hamilton) indulge, leads to all kinds of complications in the family circle and gives Mr. Harker an excellent opportunity of displaying much parental wisdom and wit. The play, which is produced by Mr. Henry Cass, was presented by Linnit and Dunfee at the Vaudeville Theatre last week

Photographs by John Vickers



Joan Robinson's young man is a snob. His disparaging comments on the family wine-cellar lead to a row (Hubert Gregg, Yvonne Owen)



Young Robinson is surprised when he finds he is not altogether happy about the week-end planned with the local floosie (Rhoderick Walker, Miki Hood)

Standing By ...

(Continued)

and Buller smilingly shaking hands on horseback at the Relief of Ladysmith, amid wildly cheering troops; the reality being that the two warriors had a private hate, Buller cut White dead, and the garrison was too exhausted to do anything but sit and glower in silence. Again, there's Detaille's famous *Le Rêve*, showing an infantry battalion sleeping in blankets on the ground with piled arms and not a sentry anywhere in sight. And one could cite dozens more.

The military artist was formerly out, in fact, to stun the saps with imaginative zing and romantic flaffa. He even invented a conventional all-purpose military face, stern and wooden and idealist and equipped with a noble waterfall moustache. You see it in a thousand Victorian prints of Inkerman and Sobraon and Omdurman and Magersfontein. Combined with a well-pleated tossing kilt and massive kneecaps, this face knocked the populace for a row of tin Bolivian ashcans, apparently. But it was nothing like the Island Pan, in action or out.

Siciliana

A KNIFE having been found recently sticking in a railway carriage at Ealing, our old fellow-hack "Beachcomber" surmises that the local Mafia or Black Hand is at work again. It may be so.

What characterises the Ealing type ("you can tell an Ealing man anywhere," as a

proud local clergyman remarked in public some time ago) is not so much the supple, tigerish strength and handsome dark faces of Ealing men, or the breath-taking beauty of Ealing women—also the women of the southern half of Perivale—but their hot, imperious eyes. As the fond mother said to the Head of Eton, "Fidsworth is a dear, sweet boy, but he *can not* brook interference." Similarly with the natives of Ealing, whose blood has never been defiled by intermarriage with the po' white trash of Shepherd's Bush, who are said to eat human flesh. When the old blue-and-white Gaumont-British flag is hoisted every morning over the great film-fortress in Shepherd's Bush the natives tremble, but far away in Ealing they make the fig-sign of derision. We've seen them! There's a film-fortress in Ealing as well, but the Governor does not rule the countryside by fear. The *cacique* or head-man of Ealing treats him as an equal and uses the royal "we." Perivale has never been conquered yet.

If the Mafia is out again, it must be that some Ealing woman's name has been lightly spoken of in one of the principal plazas, or maybe in the Athenæum Long Bar, a noted centre of modish tittle-tattle.



"It's his second leave since baby came, and he still lifts him like a dog . . ."



"No, no, no, you do not 'touch it off' with a match!"

Query

PICKING up an American magazine, we found to our surprise and pleasure that Mrs. Emily Post, America's Public Etiquette Dictator (or Dictatrix) No. 1 is still at the old stand, as in the days when we wore natty morning clothes and were received everywhere. Moreover, playboys are still trying to tie up Mrs. Post by asking silly questions ("If this rationing becomes a fact and I am invited out to dinner with the understanding that I contribute to the menu, do I get my own steak to eat?"). This, Mrs. Post says forgivingly, was intended to make fun of her. It failed, as ever.

A question we once wanted urgently to ask Mrs. Emily Post was a peculiarly British one arising out of a cartoon in the National Comic showing the British Lion in flannels and legpads raising its cap to an Australian Kangaroo, also in flannels and legpads, with the words "Played, sir." Our query was: "Should a lion remove its little cricket-cap to a kangaroo first if a lady is also present?"

This raises three points:

(1) If the lion raises its cap to the lady first, the kangaroo will kick it in the stomach for insulting cricket;

(2) If the lion raises its cap to the kangaroo first, the lady will go round saying the lion is not a sahib, and it will be cut henceforth by everybody decent;

(3) If the lion keeps its cap on and ignores both lady and kangaroo, it will be the death of our National Comic, and therefore of the Empire.

We didn't put this question to Mrs. Post because we realised at length that the only way out would be to put the lady in a box or packing-case till the cricket ritual was over and even then it might turn out during the process that she was no lady.

Brew

ABSINTHE makes the heart grow fonder, as Mistinguett said to the rural dean. It also makes the head grow softer, we deduce from a recent London sale where somebody paid £8 for a single bottle of Pernod.

To us *la sorcière glauque* is a rotgut juice tasting like paregoric, and its immense hold over the urban French, until its sale was prohibited throughout France by law some years ago, is one of those enigmas. (Our own Café Royal boys drank it chiefly out of bravado, we guess, like Enoch Soames. It made them sick and they can't have liked it.) Indulged in seriously, absinthe breeds hallucinations, homicide, sadism, and lunacy, and the part it played in the massacres during the Commune of 1871 is supposed to be remarkable. It also explains the Combes persecutions, some of Catulle Mendès' short stories, the death of not a few Parisian literary and journalistic boys of the nineties in the loony-bin, and maybe the stench of corruption in which the Third Republic finally foundered. Next to that Indian drug in which the Island Race soaks itself day and night, absinthe must be the most deleterious tippie invented. We needn't mention the principal hallucinations with which tea inspires the Race. Its action is to soften the cerebral tissue and sap or wooze the nerve-centres, making the Race a gift for charlatans of every hue. The career of Bottomley and the election of Trebitsch Lincoln as M.P. for Darlington, in the shrewd and calculating North, are two handy examples.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

Viscount Hinchingsbrooke : Modern Leader of Left-Wing Conservatism

Lord Hinchingsbrooke is the Conservative Member for South Dorset. He is Chairman of the Tory Reform Committee, a group of younger Members within the Conservative Party who advocate a working and serviceable democracy—a more rational, streamlined structure to central and local Government and to all forms of industry, finance and social service—and immediate plans for the new age. Lord Hinchingsbrooke is the only son and heir of the Earl of Sandwich. He was Private Secretary to Mr. Stanley Baldwin in the years 1932-34, and Treasurer of the Junior Imperial and Constitutional League from 1934-35. In 1934 he married Miss Rosemary Peto, and has a son and two daughters

Hunting People in Wartime

No. 2. Lady Zia Wernher

Red Cross Activities at East Langton Hall



Nurse Walker, a farmer's wife who gives all her spare time to nursing, Fusilier Felton and Nurse Pamela Purt, who has completed two years' nursing with the Red Cross

Left: The nursing staff at the door of East Langton Hall with the Assistant Quartermaster, Miss Gwen Hayn, the Matron and Sister Parker



The Matron, Miss O. Plummer, R.R.C., Sister Parker, R.R.C., and Lady Zia Wernher are seen here with one of the patients and Nurse Newbigging



By the Front

Continuing his tour of Leicestershire, our photographer, Mr. J. H. Hall, of the Red Cross Convalescent Hospital, of Georgina, works as a nurse. Lady Zia, whose husband is a member of the Combined Operations, is President of the Leicestershire County Superintendents. She was a member of the Leicestershire County Superintendents for fourteen years. East Langton



With Pte. Mays (a former patient, spending his leave at the hospital), Nurses Georgina Wernher, Rosemary Drummond and Pat Smith watch Pte. Harper at work in the carpenter's shop



The Matron, the Assistant Quartermaster and Lady Zia Wernher examine the ration situation, while the kitchen staff is hard at work over the next meal



at East Langton Hall

her spent a day with Lady Zia Wernher at East Langton Hall, which she is Commandant, and where her daughter, her husband, Major-Gen. Sir Harold Wernher, is serving with the West Yorkshire St. John Ambulance Brigade, and Assistant Master of the Fernie Hunt, of which her husband's home at East Langton Hall is the home of the Hon. Mrs. George Spencer



Physical jerks help to restore the patients' general health and suppleness. This looks like an advance class for ballet dancers



Dixie, the Welsh pony, seen with Nurses Georgina Wernher, Edwina and Rosemary Drummond, has raised hundreds of pounds at Red Cross garden-parties, fêtes and shows

Sailors' Wives

Lady Prudence Loudon, besides being the wife of a sailor, Lt.-Cdr. F. W. H. Loudon, R.N., is a daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, hero of the Battle of Jutland, who commanded the Grand Fleet from 1914 to 1916. Her brother, the present Earl, while serving with the Coldstream Guards, was wounded and won the D.S.O. in 1942. Lady Prudence has three children, two daughters, and a son, born this year. They live at Thicket Farm, Leckhampstead, Berks.

Photographs by Compton Collier



Lady Prudence Loudon with Katherine, Annabella and James

Below: Mrs. T. H. Troubridge is the wife of another distinguished sailor, Rear-Admiral Thomas H. Troubridge, D.S.O., the man who commanded the British naval force at Oran. For this action he was awarded the American D.S.M. He previously won the D.S.O. for bravery during attacks on a big Malta convoy. Mrs. Troubridge lives with her four children at Middle Oakshott, Hants., while her husband is serving overseas



Mrs. T. H. Troubridge with Peter, Edward, June and Thomas

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"Impiger"—and So Forth

IT has been stated, in connection with the campaigning season in what is now called the South-East Asia Command, the big job to which Lord Louis Mountbatten has been appointed and has now gone, that usually nice weather for the battle, murder and sudden-death business can be counted upon between the end of one monsoon and the beginning of the next one, say, between September 15th and the following June 15th. I wish I could believe that this were so, but I cannot. There are things called cyclones, and they adhere to

as in the main it must be, upon surface vessels, and the most disconcerting thing about them is that quite often they short-head even those vigilant persons of the Meteorological Department. They do not very often catch the Department bending, but whether they do or they don't, they are extremely ugly and unstoppable.

The Two-Year-Olds' "Derby"

IN a recent note, written before the Middle Park Stakes had been run, I said that no one would envy the Official Handicapper his



D. R. Stuart

Sub/Lt. and Mrs. Edward Bostock

The famous junior lawn tennis player, Jean Nicoll, who beat all the premier woman players of the day before the war, is now keeping house for her husband, Sub/Lt. Bostock, R.N.V.R., besides doing R.N. canteen work



Janet Jevons



The Late Duke of Wellington and His Uncle Who Succeeds Him

The death in action last month of the 6th Duke of Wellington was announced a short time ago. He is succeeded by his uncle, Lt.-Col. Lord Gerald Wellesley, who was appointed Senior Civil Affairs Officer for Catania on the Allied occupation of Sicily. The late Duke, serving at the time of his death as a Commando, with the Central Mediterranean Forces, was commissioned in 1935 in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, seconded in 1939 to the King's African Rifles, and joined the Commandos last year. He was thirty-one and unmarried

task when the time came for him to frame the Free Handicap, which is the assessment of the merits of the year's two-year-olds and is "run" over the supposititious distance of 7 furlongs, but, in effect, is not so run. I said so because, with the form, in the main, so very level, the nice gradations of appraisal are thereby rendered all the more complicated. Now that we have the result of the Two-Year-Olds' Derby, I think Mr. Arthur Fawcett's "sums" are appreciably easier. Orestes gained an official verdict of a short head, which would mean only 1 lb. at a liberal estimate, but anyone who saw the race will know that, if the winner had not edged right across the course less than a furlong from the winning-post, that head would have been a length, perhaps even more, very easily. When that good jockey Carey, who is what so many jockeys are not, a horseman with a knowledge of the "aids"—hands, legs, sway of the body, etc.—quickly pulled him straight, there was no doubt whatever as to what must happen. Not being Mr. Arthur Fawcett, and; therefore, fairly safe from the brickbats, over-ripe tomatoes and so forth, which have ever been

(Concluded on page 84)

no fixed time-table, have no rules and invariably hit below the belt. Their blast is very unkind and very devastating, and one of their favourite cauldrons is the Bay of Bengal, a region which bulks very largely in any map of operations against the enemy now sitting in Burma and Malaya. Hitherto, anything of the size of the average passenger-boat going to Calcutta, or Rangoon, has not found it advisable to try conclusions with these appalling tempests; and, naturally, any small craft caught at sea are very much for it. With them it is a case of get out, if you do not want to get under. I think even a modern destroyer would find them a bit above her weight. Quite often these cyclones send a tidal wave up the rivers, so presumably there must be some kind of seismic connection, for the same thing happens when there is an earthquake. In one of the worst cyclones which ever came out of the Bay (1864), the wave was 34 ft. at Diamond Harbour (half-way up the Hughli), and 28 ft. at Calcutta, where it was still travelling at about 20 knots. This was in October, and is logged as a worst ever. The date of another real snorter was November 1867; another bad one, of which I had personal experience, was 1887, just after the rains had stopped; another, I think, about ten years later, also not in the monsoon, and yet another very shortly afterwards also not in the monsoons. As I figure things out from what I have seen, these turmoils would be apt to be extremely disconcerting to any combined operation, dependent,



Rosslyn Park Rugby XV.; Beaten by the Welsh Guards

D. R. Stuart

The game was closer than the score suggests, when the Welsh Guards beat Rosslyn Park by 13 points to 0. Willsher had to retire through injury, leaving his team one man short for three-quarters of the game. Playing for Rosslyn Park: In front: F. T. Naylor, N. A. Stee. Sitting: S. A. Evans, F. F. J. Lyall (Secretary), P. F. Cooper, J. R. Tyler (Captain), H. A. Fry, K. H. Chapman, R. Willsher. Standing: G. Churcher, M. M. Walford, J. R. C. Matthews, R. E. Prescott, F. P. Dunkley, G. Myrddin-Evans, H. G. Lathwell (Referee)

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

the handicapper's portion, if I had to start the Free Handicap it would be Orestes with 9 st. 7 lb., and, whatever I might finally decide should be put in between them, it would be Happy Landing, 9 st. 3 lb., and I should expect to be very nearly right. In the Middle Park, the colts have 9 st. all round, and the fillies 8 st. 11 lb., i.e., the customary 3 lb. for their sex. In the race under discussion, the winner and the runner-up were the only two in it—nothing else counted at all. Lord Derby's filly, Garden Path, was a very moderate third;

all behind her (colts), from one cause or another, counted even less, and at first glance I should feel much inclined to bunch them all together on the 8 st. 11 lb. mark. I think that this might be wrong, but that is what it looks like at the moment. Happy Landing, like Orestes, did not come the shortest way home, but at the time of the latter's deviation he had the race absolutely in the bag. Furthermore, I think we have got to take notice of the collateral evidence provided by Gustator: Orestes has beaten him pointlessly; Gustator has beaten Happy Landing.

A Second Glance

THEY say that second thoughts are always best and so, whilst I am convinced that Happy Landing is at least 4 lb. below Orestes



A Naval Decoration

First Officer Margaret Rose Rathborne, W.R.N.S., who was awarded the M.B.E., went to a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive her decoration. With her was her husband, Pay-Lt. Cdr. E. H. Rathborne, R.N.



An R.A.F. Ceremony in Bagdad

When the Emir Abdul Illah, Regent of Iraq, received an honorary commission as an Air Commodore in the General Operations branch of the R.A.F., the ceremony took the form of the handing over of an Air Commodore's pennant at the British Embassy, Bagdad. Above are, in front: Sir Kinahan Cornwallis, British Ambassador in Iraq; the Emir Abdul Illah, and Air Vice-Marshal Champion de Crespigny, former A.O.C. Iraq and Persia. Behind them are the Prime Minister of Iraq and Air Vice-Marshal Willock, the present A.O.C.



A Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment Somewhere in India

Front row: Capts. J. Houston (M.O.), W. F. Clarke, T. L. Wilson-Jerrim, Major A. C. Hordern, the Commanding Officer, Lt. H. Bevelay (Adjutant), Major W. A. King, Capts. C. J. B. Priest, W. H. Storer. Second row: Lts. E. J. Fenton, G. C. B. Mercer, J. F. Carvell, Capt. D. E. A. Virley, Lts. B. J. O'Shaughnessy, D. R. F. Starley, J. F. M. DeQuidt, C. B. Adams. Back row: Lts. J. F. Leuty, J. Holt, D. H. Cameron, P. W. Derry, A. E. Hill, Lt. (Q.M.) A. R. Musterson

on the Middle Park running, I think I should be mistaken if I believed that Gustator were anything like what this form suggests behind him. This colt cannot be much, if anything, behind Happy Landing (see Rous Stakes, 5 furlongs, September 17th). He beat Happy Landing a short head, he himself being defeated by Lady Maderty filly by half a length, she getting 3 lb., which means that he would have beaten her at level weights. Much depends upon how good the stable know Lady Maderty filly to be. If she should happen to be better than Mrs. Mops (late the Charwoman filly), then she cannot be much behind Fair Fame, who will, I opine, be Mr. Fawcett's No. 2 in the Free Handicap. Here is why I think so well of Lady Maderty's daughter—giving 5 lb. (she had 9 st. 3 lb. on her back), she was only beaten half a length by Tudor Maid in June, and Mrs. Mops was only beaten three-quarters of a length by Fair Fame in the Queen Mary Stakes at Newmarket also in June. I do not believe that there can be much between these three fillies—Fair Fame, Lady Maderty filly and Mrs. Mops—and on quite recent running (September 17th), Gustator must be level with them and a pound better than Happy Landing. This is, therefore, the order in which I expect Mr. Fawcett is going to place them: Orestes, Fair Fame, Lady Maderty filly (why not call her Balmy Zephyr?—her sire is Wyndham), Mrs. Mops, Gustator, Happy Landing. I put Gustator where he is, because on Middle Park day they said he was a bit battle-weary. He ran like that. I suggest that we now discard the Coventry Stakes form when Orestes beat Happy Landing a head.

What's in a Name?

By any other name I am certain that Germanicus would be just as game! He has only two drawbacks: his name is one of them, the other is that he is unsexed. It is from fine fighters like him that we ought to breed to restore that lost leaven of stamina. His win in the Newmarket Cesarewitch, giving 1 st. 5 lb. to the three-year-old Herald, rubs in the fact of our lack of good young stayers harder than ever. It seems almost criminal that Germanicus and Filator should be geldings. If only jumping were not temporarily off the map, what fine steeplechase horses they might make! Both have plenty of courage; all horses can jump and are capable of being made into cracks at it if properly taught by the right man. Germanicus is just the kind to win a National. There is a small grain of humour to be extracted from the fact that a steed with a Hunnish name should have won a race with a Russian one! I do not think, however, that this fact will be of much use to the little ape who runs Herr Hitler's Propaganda Department.

On Active Service

Officers of a Battalion of the Liverpool Scottish

Front row: Capt. H. D. Gibson, J. A. Dingwall Fordyce, Majors G. F. Williamson, J. R. Paterson, T.D., the Commanding Officer, Major H. W. Cairns, Capt. J. S. S. Roddick, H. S. Maxwell-Wood (Adjutant), A. C. F. Wicks (Q.M.). Back row: 2nd Lt. A. Montgomery, Rev. D. Budge, 2nd Lt. A. H. Ferguson, W. Duguid, Lt. D. W. Milne, 2nd Lt. D. E. G. Brister, Capt. W. F. G. Brabin, Lts. H. W. Campbell, H. V. Cockburn, R.A.M.C., 2nd Lt. K. Peters



W.R.N.S. Officers at a Fleet Air Arm Station

Front row: 3rd/Os. A. N. Macdonald, W. I. Mitchell, Sister C. E. Edwards, Q.A.R.N.N.S., 1st/O. L. M. M. Strath, Capt. V. N. Surtees, R.N., 2nd/O. L. M. Redford, 3rd/Os. M. F. Pritchard, C. I. Richardson, C. J. Hebrun, A. R. N. Massey. Back row: 3rd/Os. B. M. Hoopell, M. Howie, J. M. Dealve, M. S. Laing, A. E. Spittlehouse, I. K. Bean, A. I. Wilson, W. M. Taylor, O. H. Cundall



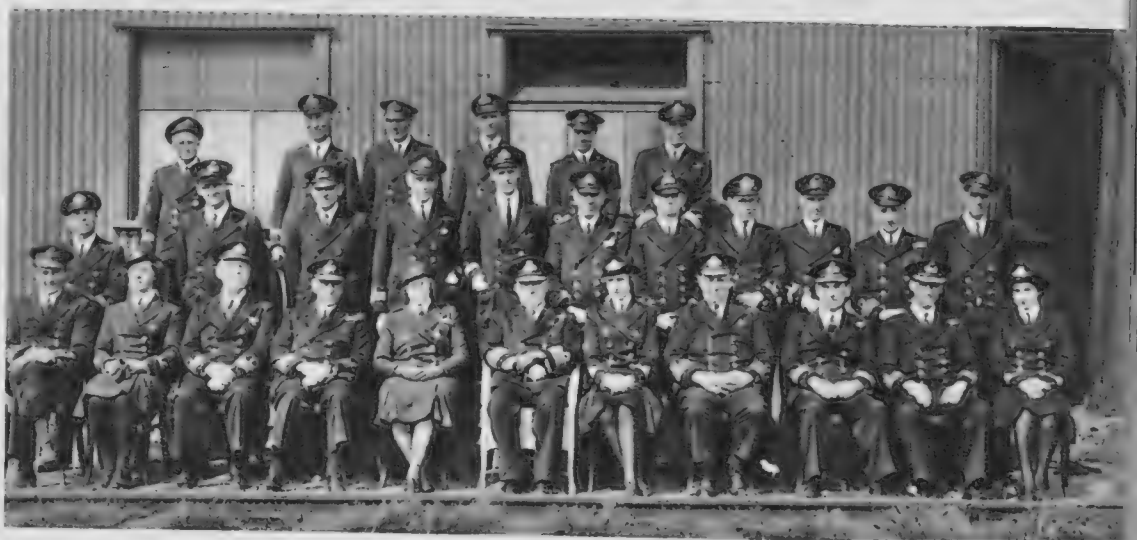
Officers at an R.A.F. Station

Front row: S/Ldrs. K. Smith, Ferguson, A.F.C., W.Cdrs. Berven, Harger, A.F.C., Lt.-Col. Bosch, A.F.C., Lts. McWhirter, K. Jacklin. Second row: S/Ldrs. S. L. Shelton, A.F.C., Phillips, Tribe, A.F.C., Slade, A.F.C., Adderley, Relshaw, Dibb, Major Britz, A.F.C., S/Ldrs. Terry, Martin, F/Lt. Malec, S/Ldrs. McGiffin, Springbett. Third row: F/Lt. Davison, G.M., S/Ldr. Wilson, F/Lts. Holder, Maun, A.F.C., Howard, A.F.C., S/Ldrs. Wickett, Miller, F/Lt. Shipman. Back row: S/Ldrs. Warner, Stovel, F/Lt. Holmes, S/Ldrs. Greenwood, Marcou, A.F.C.



Officers at a Royal Naval Base

Front row: Cdr. Mitchell, R.N.R., 3rd/O. Benton, W.R.N.S., Surg. Capt. Irvine, R.N.V.R., Capt. Fletcher, R.N., Miss Phillips, Q.A.R.N.N.S., Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Hornell, K.B.E., D.S.O., 2nd/O. Kime, W.R.N.S., Capt. Simmer, R.D., R.N.R., Cdrs. James, D.S.C., R.N., Gracey, R.N.R., 3rd/O. Aron, W.R.N.S. Middle row: Lt. Thompson, R.N.R., Surg. Lt.-Cdr. Ward, D.S.C., R.N., Lt. White, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. Larham, R.N.R., Pay. Lt.-Cdr. Mordaunt, R.N.V.R., Eng. Lt.-Cdr. Ross, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. Rogers, R.N.V.R., Lts. Brink, R.N.V.R., Barrett, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. Dickens, D.S.C., R.N.R., Lt. Taylor, R.N.V.R. Back row: Lt.-Cdr. Boulton, R.N.R., Lts. Farrell, R.N.R., Mountfield, R.N.V.R., Bennet, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdrs. Ferguson, R.N.R., Holmes, R.N.



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Englishman in China

WITH Sir Meyrick Hewlett, who held official positions in China from 1898 to 1936, it was clearly a case of the right man in the right place. His *Forty Years in China* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.) is more than a record of service; it is the product of a disabused, but none the less deeply affectionate, understanding of the country in which he found himself. I say "found himself," because this distinguished career was due in the first place, apparently, to the fortuity of a childish remark. "At the early age of eleven," he says, "for some childish reason I can hardly explain, I said I would like to be what Uncle Arthur had been. This remark was made in the year 1887, two years after Uncle Arthur had retired from the Consular Service, in which he had served since 1857. As I was one of four brothers, such a definite wish was not allowed to pass, and from that moment little Meyrick's hand was put to the China plough. I do not now regret that I was never allowed to recall this youthful decision. . . ."

It has been said that a man who has learned the Chinese language thoroughly is never quite the same man again. Sir Meyrick Hewlett is in the position to contradict this—at least, with regard to himself. He must, then, have possessed from the start what one cannot perhaps acquire—an intuitive key to the Chinese mind. The Asiatic temperament, to many well-meaning people, remains an impassable—and, when one is up against it, often exasperating—mystery. In India, it confronts us in a big way; in China, it has not been so pressingly, or, at any rate, so continuously, our problem. Diplomatic and commercial relationships, with their attendant difficulties, have remained in the hands of a small, but expert, circle, and the British public in general may be excused for a certain vague superficiality with regard to China. Even now that China is an ally, and has shown an heroic resistance that commands the world's admiration, it is easier to praise her than to understand her.

For one thing, Chinese internal history of the last few decades has been, from a distance, baffling: the devastations and miseries wrought by internal strife would appear to be hardly less than those wrought by the invader. Again, English popular feeling for this vast, inscrutable country has been, one must admit frankly, of recent growth. The anti-foreign atrocities of the Boxer rising did not slowly evaporate from our memories, and "incidents" since then kept their malignant power alive. At least one generation was taught to regard China as more dangerous than Japan: when I was a child one spoke darkly of "Chinese tortures," and the Yellow Peril meant something very different from now. Chinese xenophobia was not to be covered up, and again and again its fanatical manifestations were only just, and not always totally, stemmed. European residents in China, for the most

part restricted to the "concessions" and to each other's society, remained cut off from knowledge of Chinese living, feeling and modes of thought.

The Rights and the Wrongs

AT no time, and in no place, as *Forty Years in China* makes clear, was the British Consul's position an easy one. One was up against (or, strictly, had to avoid being up against) the hauteur of a country with 5000 years of civilised past behind it, to whom the foreigner still meant the barbarian, against an idealism so very unlike our own as to seem either fantastic or sinister, against a politeness not always backed by good intention. Hectic internal and unrealistic external politics created perpetual mares'-nests. War-lords kept applying pressure from different quarters; the fanaticism of students was easily worked upon. One could not afford, at any possible juncture, to ignore the immense importance of "face." To treat, as Sir Meyrick Hewlett treated, with the Chinese official, was in itself an education in subtlety. It demanded, also, tolerance, patience, initiative, perspicacity. In these qualities, happily, he was not lacking. Steering his way between war-lords, calming mobs, traversing streets and squares raked by rifle fire, this Englishman also never failed to present an unequalled example of British phlegm. Better than all this, he loved China.

This love seems to have carried him farther, and done more good, than could abstract courage and justice—though these he could, too, supply. His sources of information were wide and reliable: this being known, he was from time to



Miss Phoebe Fenwick Caye is the author of "The French Prisoner," recently published by Jonathan Cape. One of Miss Caye's best known earlier works is "Vivandière." In the past she has specialised in historical subjects and in gardening notes. She was on the Advisory Board of "Time and Tide" for some years, and is now doing work of national importance.

time consulted by high-up Chinese. He had, also, put his thumb on the root of difficulties arising in trade relations with China—the Chinese resented all trade concessions as being the fruit of treaties imposed on them (as they saw it) by brute force. His introduction to China had been, in the first place, violent: he was a student at the British Legation in Peking when the Boxer rising, with its attack on the Legations, broke out. (His account of the siege

could not be more interesting.) He was afterwards at Tientsin, at Seoul, in Korea, at Hankow, at Changsha, at Ichang, at Chengtu (which he particularly loved), at the port of Amoy, at Nanking, then back at Hankow, from which place he retired. He has thus known Central, North, West and South China, and understandingly watched these through their phases of strife.

Sir Meyrick Hewlett believes profoundly in the great mass of the simple people of China—in their humanity, their courage, their faith. It was among the upper, and in the governing, classes that he found, sometimes, self-interest, cynicism or a dangerously narrow view. His friends were of all sorts: he was on close terms with many recent or present national leaders, of whom his character-studies are memorable. While he stresses that, in *Forty Years in China*, he is writing a personal memoir, not history, I found, and believe that other readers will find, that the book clears up much confusion about Chinese affairs. The diagnoses of troubles—especially those of 1927—repay study.

I delighted in the descriptions of towns, rivers and landscapes, all infused with the feeling the author had for them. Clashes of

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

EVEN this more blatant generation knows, I suppose, that awful moment when one wishes the earth would open and swallow one up! Nevertheless, on its distaff side the art of swooning is definitely lost. A pity, because it must have been so convenient. The abhorrent kiss which took the Victorian lady completely off her guard could always be answered by a complete loss of consciousness. She could even use the same technique when her husband broke his leg or the cat swallowed the goldfish. It saved her a lot of trouble. I often wonder that men did not sometimes copy their wiser sisters. I cannot think of an encouraged amatory advance being brought to a swifter conclusion than by the gentleman falling into a dead faint.

As it is, the modern human world knows none of these harmless subtleties which could once get one out of an awkward situation surrounded by a crowd of sympathisers and a smelling-bottle. Nowadays we must always keep our wits alight or our world wilts around us. To feel a little faint gets a woman nowhere—except, perhaps, a seat in a crowded bus. Even so, she is immediately suspect. Incidentally, to feel bus-sick is twice as efficacious, but not nearly so picturesque. Moreover, tears are not the ammunition they once were. I know a girl who broke down every time her boss pointed out the error of her work, but, instead of him letting bygones be bygones as she had expected, he gave her the sack. Widows and female relatives are no longer called

upon to attend funerals in case they should show their emotions by weeping too much or not enough. They have seized the new convention with avidity; with the consequence that a funeral nowadays resembles little more than a board of directors, with shareholders in the background, all come to bury the hatchet.

A pity, I always think, that one cannot control one's emotions by pressing a vein without calling into play the wearisome stiffness of an upper lip. Spare bodily parts would also be conducive to happiness, besides avoiding tragic waste. It seems such a pity to bury a perfectly good kidney when the man who lives next door, having had an operation, has henceforward to function on one. A blood-transfusion which would immediately cure unrequited love, or an injection which would provide a fading passion with a new lease of life, would help us to get on with our life's real work in less perplexity and with fewer tears. A succulent meal in tablet form would solve the problem of rationing very nicely and bring the minimum of comfort, necessary to domestic felicity, down to a roof, a fire and an easy-chair. Life would be so much cosier if one could only keep under control one's mental, bodily, spiritual and purely animal appetites by means of a "trick." Briefly, as an alternative to counting sheep for insomnia, it is more amusing to add to the Story of Creative Science some of our own brighter ideas. By the time we have reached a tablet to make us disappear—we are asleep.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Michell — Dunlop

I. J. F. Michell, R.N., son of Sir Robert and Lady Michell, of Pensbury House, Shaftesbury, Dorset, and Mary Dunlop, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. A. G. Dunlop, of Shaftesbury, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Fack — Hawkins

Lt. Robert Fack, Royal Netherlands Brigade, and Patricia Henshaw Hawkins, daughter of Major and Mrs. Leslie Hawkins, of Cheslyn Hay, Staffordshire, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Wyld — Davies

Richardson, Worcester
Major Edward John Wyld, M.C., R.E., younger son of Cdr. and Mrs. H. W. Wyld, of Longstone, Sallash, Cornwall, married Janet Mary Davies, only daughter of the Dean of Worcester, and Mrs. Arthur Davies, of The Deanery, Worcester, at Worcester Cathedral



Williams — Baldwin

John Damer Williams, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. S. R. Williams, of Toll Marsh, Buckfastleigh, married Mona Baldwin, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Sir John Baldwin and Lady Baldwin, of Highfield, Amersham, Bucks., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Moodie — Dean

Capt. Edward Campbell Moodie, of Canada House, London and Patricia Dean, daughter of Mrs. Georgina Dean, of Ankerwycke Priory, Wraysbury, Bucks., were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street



Warner — Featherby

Risby, Lincoln
Major John Kenneth Warner, M.C., elder son of the Archdeacon of Lincoln, and Mrs. K. C. H. Warner, married Sheila Mary Featherby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Featherby, of Wilmslow, Cheshire, at St. Peter-in-Eastgate Church



Russell — Higgins

Benjamin Hugh Russell, only child of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Neville Russell, of Stoncygate Court, Leicester, married Joyce Kathleen Tracy Higgins, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Higgins, of St. Elme, Newport Pagnell, Bucks., at Newport Pagnell Church



Youens — Hawkins

Peter William Youens, second son of Rev. Canon and Mrs. F. A. C. Youens, of Brodsworth Vicarage, near Doncaster, married Diana Stephanie Hawkins, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hawkins, of The Old Rectory, Southacre, Norfolk, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Millward — Stevens

Greville, Walsford
B. G. Millward, R.E., son of the Rev. H. S. and Mrs. Millward, of Luton, married Margaret Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stevens, of Walsford, at Whippendale Methodist Church

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 73)

of Latin-American costumes was opened by Marie, Lady Willingdon. Lady Maud Hoare was there; Lady Wavell; Sir Malcolm and Lady Robertson; Sir Esmond and Lady Ovey, with the latter's attractive young daughter, Mary Barrios, in a lovely Mexican costume with an enormous hat; Lady Alice Vivian and her husband; and Hilda, Duchess of Richmond, as well as a host of diplomats, who gazed admiringly at the brilliant costumes adorning the figurines which represented the twenty Latin-American Republics. The exhibition, which is to remain open at 26, Bruton Street, W.1, until the 30th of the month, will aid the Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's Families Association which is doing such splendid work for our fighting men.

Musical Family

NEWS of the success of Mrs. Valentine Fleming's seventeen-year-old daughter, Amaryllis, in winning a scholarship at the Royal College of Music is not altogether a surprise, for the Flemings are a musical family, and Mrs. Fleming's pre-war musical parties at her London home—"Turner's House"—in Cheyne Walk, were a well-known and popular feature of the "season." Turner's House has been bombed five times, but nevertheless, the house still stands, and will perhaps be the scene again of some of those delightful parties after the war. Mrs. Fleming is a very clever violinist, and Amaryllis has a distinct gift for the 'cello. At the concert given by Miss Richardson's pupils at the Wigmore Hall, Amaryllis played, amongst other things, a Brahms sonata with great success. After the concert she was given a beautiful diamond and aquamarine bracelet, and Mrs. Fleming celebrated the occasion by inviting a number of friends to tea at the Ritz. The Fleming's home is at The Abbey, Abingdon, but now that Amaryllis is at the College of Music a London pied-à-terre is necessary, so they have taken a flat in Knightsbridge where they are to be found most of the week.

Shows to Come

A NEW Ivor Novello show—*Arc de Triomphe*—is due at the Phoenix Theatre on the 10th of next month. Stars are to be Mary Ellis, Elizabeth Welch and Peter Graves. Troops overseas are to hear the big numbers before London audiences, for Geraldo is taking three of the big numbers with him—"Man of Big Heart," which will be sung in the London show by Mary Ellis; "Dark Music," which is to be Elizabeth Welch's chief number; and a duet which Mary and Peter Graves will sing together, "You're Easy to Look At." Geraldo's vocalists who are going overseas with him are Dorothy Carless, Len Camber, Dorren Villiers, Johnny Green and Ruth Howard.

Among other good things to come in the near future are Terence Rattigan's *While the Sun Shines*, which starts out on tour on October 25th, with Jane Baxter, Michael Wilding and Ronald Squire; the Lunts, who have got together a fine cast, including Muriel Pavlow, Frederick Lloyd, Terry Morgan and Gerald Lawson, and have started rehearsing Robert Sherwood's *There Shall Be No Night*—a drama of Occupied Greece—which will open in London as soon as there is a theatre available; and the return of Mary Newcombe, who, after seven years' absence, during which she has spent a great deal of time entertaining the troops with her Mary Newcombe Players, is coming back to the West End in May Edginton's *When You Come Home*.

Films in the offing include *Marlborough—His Life and Times*, which, based on the writings of the Prime Minister, will be produced by Two Cities Films.



Exhibition of Figurines at 26, Bruton Street, is to Aid the Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's Families Association

Lady Ovey's daughter, Mary Barrios, wore an enormous hat with her Mexican costume. She is with Marie, Lady Willingdon, the President of the Exhibition, and the Mexican Minister

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

personality, are recounted excitingly. . . . When Sir Meyrick Hewlett was leaving Nanking, his native staff gave him an embroidered scroll on which was written: "Where love is bequeathed it is impossible to forget." This summarises the spirit in which the book is written.

Coaching Days

"MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS," by Norah Lofts (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is a vivacious "period" novel, packed with colour and movement. It covers twenty-four hours of life at The Fleece, a Norfolk highway inn at the height of the coaching days. For Will Oakley, the host, and his daughters, Myrtle and Harriet, this was a roaring Michaelmas. The smiling, turquoise-blue morning, in autumn 1817, saw the beginning of perilous goings-on—blackmail, an attempt to rescue Napoleon, an attempted suicide, a successful murder, alarming revelations about the past, the secret birth of a baby, an all-but infanticide and an all-but rape were to take place before the three Oakleys sat down to their morning coffee again.

This novel—and can one wonder?—held my interest from the first page to the last. I was not proof against the racy cosiness of the setting—polished oak and brass, firelit bedrooms, abundant cellar, non-stop, succulent meals served. I felt these days one could do with a bit of that. But, of course, there were disadvantages—youthful squires were wicked, stable-boys borrowed horses to go out with the highwaymen, and lipless, seafaring strangers, of repulsive appearance, could descend from coaches bringing threats from the past.

Miss Lofts' character-drawing is excellent—Will Oakley, that uneasy, sensitive creature, conscious of not filling out with enough geniality the traditional role of Mine Host, the lovely, dreamy Myrtle, a hoyden, but with a cool streak in her make-up, and disfigured Harriet, with her relentless will—all three attract one's interest and hold one's sympathies. So does Effie, the little maid, with her rabbit profile and her beautiful, anxious eyes. I thought the way the two Miss Oakleys talked a little unnecessarily modern, but otherwise I have really no holes to pick in a novel that you will, I am sure, enjoy.

Loggers

"THE TALL TREES FALL," by Roderick Haig-Brown (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is about lumbermen on the Pacific coast. Both as a story of men, and women, and as a picture of a vigorous way of life that the author palpably knows from A to Z, it is to be recommended. Mr. Haig-Brown, I see, made his first earnings in a lumber camp, and has, he says, "been around with loggers for most of my life since then." He writes excellently, combining realism as to human behaviour with a romantic feeling for the forests, mountains and water of British Columbia. There are also some shots (in the cinematographic sense) of Vancouver city, of good times, bad times and thin times there.

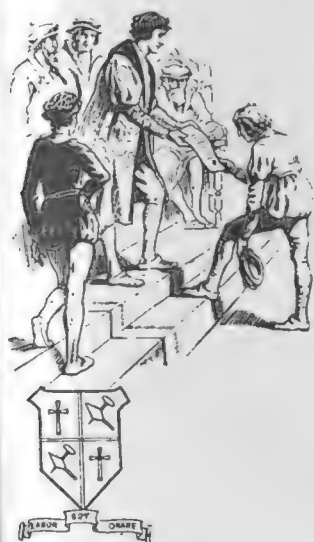
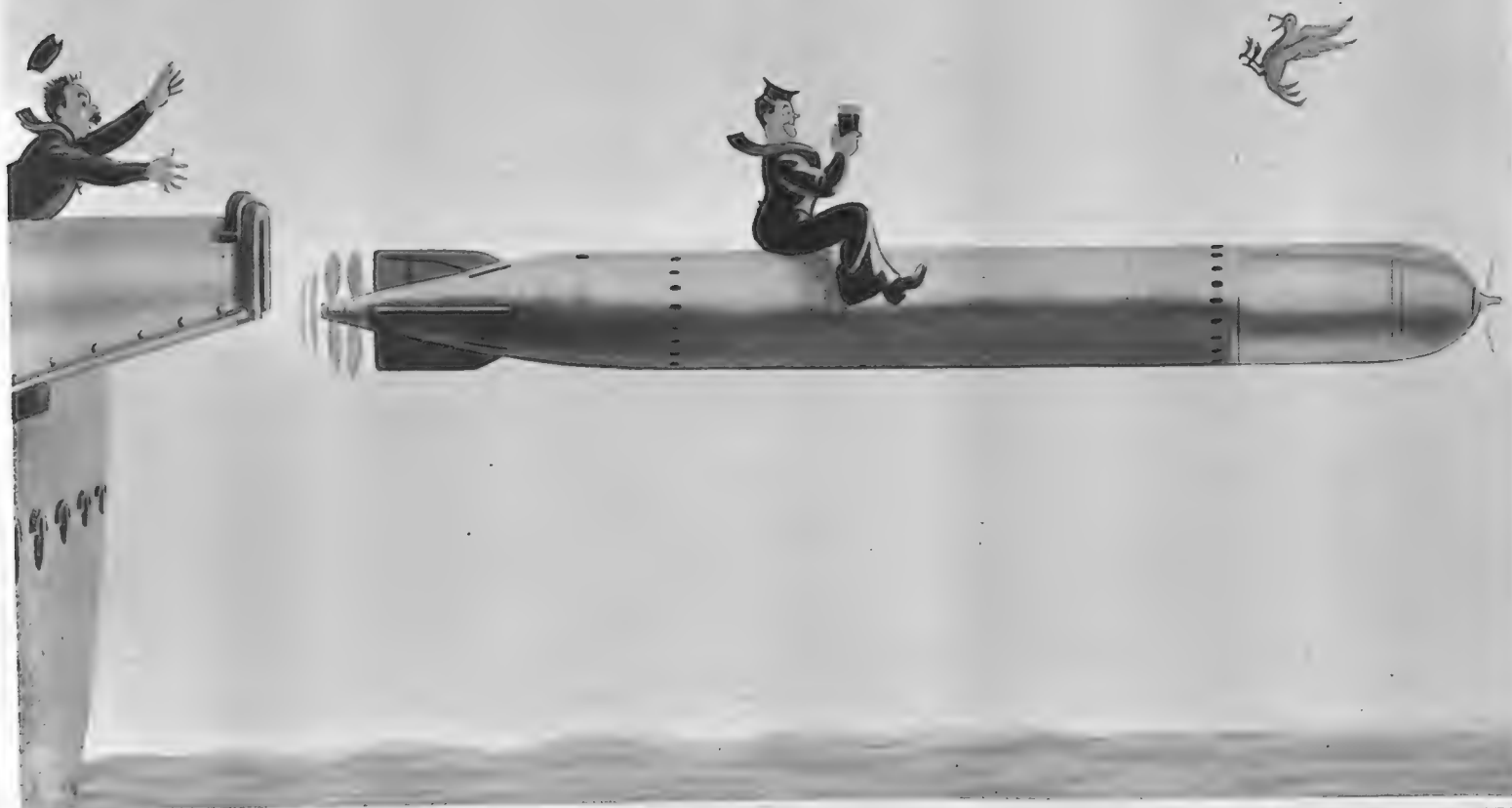
At one point the story shifts to the farm on Kiltool Sound, where Alec Crawford (or, at the camp, "Slim" Crawford) takes his friend, Johnny Holt, on a fishing holiday. Here Johnny meets, in a family setting, Alec's cousin, Julie, home from the big city. After a Vancouver courtship, slowed down by some scruples on Johnny's part, Julie, for all her "cified" ways and prettiness, makes good, back at the camp, as a logger's wife. With a good deal of love-interest there is admirably little sentimentality: the characters grow so real that Alec's death comes as a genuine tragedy and a shock.

Mr. Haig-Brown has appended, to the end of the novel, a glossary of loggers' terms, to which I was glad, from time to time, to refer.



Madame Santos, wife of the former President of Colombia, and Madame de Robledo were full of admiration for the famous "Mantilla Bogotana" worn by the Colombian figurine designed by Norman Hartnell

My Goodness—My GUINNESS



FREE OF HIS GUILD

The craftsman of the Middle Ages was only made free of his Guild after he had served an arduous apprenticeship and had proved himself a master of his craft.

Unless he cared as much for his work as for his wages he had small chance of admittance.

Things are different to-day, but that fine pride of craftsmanship is still the inspiring and animating force behind the making of The Chatwood Safe and Strong Room.

The Chatwood Safe has stood the greatest of all tests—the test of time. Its reputation has been made by the burglar and the protection it has afforded to the vital records of business firms when fire has destroyed everything else.

J. E. S.

**THE
CHATWOOD
SECURITY**

THE CHATWOODSAFE CO., LTD.,
Bankers' Engineers
HEAD OFFICE: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND
Telegrams: CHATWOOD, SHREWSBURY
Telephone: SHREWSBURY 4001
LONDON: MANCHESTER: GLASGOW
BOMBAY

quality high



Because of its popularity,

Votrix recognises a

responsibility. Its quality remains high; its price moderate. Many who knew nothing of British Vermouth before the war will go on preferring Votrix—and getting it—afterwards.

price



moderate

VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Votrix, produced at the Vine Products Vintnery in Surrey, may often be difficult to get, owing to wartime restrictions, but it is still available. "Dry" bottle size 7/6; "Sweet" bottle size 7/-.

*A Page
for Women
by M. E. Brooke.*

● Beauty and economy are noticeable in this wedding dress, which is carried out in a pre-war fancy silver llama, its use being permitted by the Board of Trade. There is only a small quantity remaining. It cleverly silhouettes the figure, the classical lines being flattering; so is the floral coronet. This model may be repeated in other materials, with or without a train. Debenham and Freebody



ECONOMIES IN WARTIME

Useful trifles are ever welcome in a trousseau. There are scarves which may be converted into turbans or miniature shoulder-wraps. Gloves plain and decorated, and ankle socks which are warm and appreciated by women in the Services. Jaeger

Harrods



Coal Black Persian Lamb

THE beauty and lustre of these tightly curled Persian Lamb Coats, the years of service they'll give—winter in, winter out—make them the most fashionable and estimable of all furs.

(Top) A model cut on straight lines—one of six in stock, which are available without purchase tax.

Priced from **£72**

(Personal Shoppers only)

(Left) Our latest collection of Persian Lamb Model Coats range from **£150**. Illustrated is a lovely example—a waisted model, half belted, with new turn-back cuffs—a masterpiece of the furrier's art and skill.



Perfectly tailored in fine quality black bouclé, suitable for small and medium figures. (18 coupons) **£17. 19. 3**

(No post orders)

Debenham & Freebody
LANGHAM 4444. WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenham's Ltd.)

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE proud father of triplets called up the local weekly to report the event.

The man at the other end, not quite hearing what he said, asked: "Will you repeat that?"

At which the proud father snapped back: "Not if I can help it."

A TRAVELLER seeking advertisements for a local paper called at the village grocer's. Upon presenting his card, he was surprised when the grey-haired proprietor said:—

"Nothing doing. Been established eighty years, and never advertised."

"Excuse me, sir, but what is that building on the hill?" asked the traveller.

"The village church," said the grocer.

"Been there long?" asked the other.

"About three hundred years."

"Well," was the reply, "they still ring the bell."

THE little girl came home at teatime.

"Mummy," she said, "we've had a lovely walk. We came back through the cemetery, and I read all the words on the tombstones. But what I want to know, mummy, is where they bury all the sinners."

AFTER his "medical" was over, the Army doctor eyed the tall and very thin recruit in silence.

"Well, doctor," said the recruit, nervously, at last, "how do I stand?"

"Don't ask me," replied the M.O. "It's a miracle!"

Do you know how to tell the sex of your goldfish? Well, here's how:—

To the water in the goldfish bowl add one half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.



"The Fur Coat," A. G. Macdonell's crazily witty comedy, is rapidly approaching its two hundredth performance at the Comedy Theatre. Much of the play's success is due to its two stars, Jeanne de Casalis and Henry Kendall (standing), who have splendid support from Julian Dallas and Gordon McLeod (the chess players). The play has been directed by Charlotte Frances for Bernard Delfont and the setting is by Carl

HITLER died, and went "below." Satan answered his knock, told him to wait a minute, went away and returned with a box of matches and a bundle of firewood.

He gave both to Hitler, with the remark: "Listen, Adolf, there's a limit to what even we can stand. Take these and start a Hades of your own."

A YOUNG Austrian who had just joined the British Army was talking to friends.

"We'll soon march into Vienna," he declared. "And then I'll mount guard in front of the station or the town hall, or best of all in front of St. Stephen's Cathedral. And the Viennese will all come up and whisper and stare at me. I'll let them stare for some time, and when I've had enough of it, I'll call out: 'What the deuce are you staring at me for? Haven't you ever seen an English soldier before?'"

TELEPHONING to the editor of a local newspaper, a man explained that his uncle had been a regular subscriber for half a century.

"Fine!" exclaimed the editor. "And I hope he'll continue to be."

"Oh, yes, he will! But I want to tell you about him. He's always been a model of propriety, doesn't smoke or drink; never uses strong language or been to a theatre or cinema. In fact, he has no vices or excesses. And he'll celebrate his eightieth birthday tomorrow."

"How?" asked the editor.

THE telephone at a certain military headquarters was answered by a lance-corporal.

"May I speak to Colonel——?" inquired the voice.

"Who's speaking?" asked the N.C.O.

"Private call," said the voice.

"Private who?"

"Private call," again came the answer.

The N.C.O. frowned.

"Don't you know private soldiers are not allowed to telephone senior officers?" he roared as he banged down the receiver.

Later the colonel quietly informed the N.C.O. that the private call in this instance was the general, who wished to have a private talk with him.

THEY tell an anecdote about a soldier on guard duty for the first time at night. He heard a strange noise, fired at it, then called out: "Who went there?"

Salvage Saves Ships and Sailors' Lives. Don't Neglect Your Salvage Bins. Give All You Can NOW



A quiet elegance is the charm of this superbly cut blouse in Cloqué Sablé available in lovely pastel shades of blue, clover pink, duck egg or white. Sizes: Wms. and W.X. 4 coupons £5.11.6

Blouse Salon . . . 1st floor

Lovely rayon Suzette blouse with deep crossover bodice on Grecian lines. A softly draped bow finishes the neckline. Ivory, turquoise, pearl pink, ice blue or black. Bust sizes: 34: 36: 38. 4 coupons £5.16.8

We regret we cannot send these blouses on approval.

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., of Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



Anne French regrets that she has been unable to supply many of her clients with her Cleansing Milk. After the war, however, she hopes once again to supply all the demands of the home market. In the meantime, she is helping the war effort by developing her business abroad where her Cleansing Milk is becoming increasingly popular.

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

*Cold weather
Coats...*

WE still hold good stocks of Country Jackets, in suede, proofed polin and corduroy.

THE one illustrated is in fine quality suede and is lined throughout. In several colours.

12 coupons.

£7 . 0 . 9d.



LILLYWHITES LTD

OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, S.W.1.

**SLIMMA
SLACKS**

*When only the
best will do!*

Slimma means the comfort of graceful, slender styling and colour harmony—Precisely right in design and fit and man-tailored in the best quality worsteds, and flannels.

At the leading stores

SLIMMA WEAR LTD (Wholesale only)
25, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1
MAKERS OF SLIMMA SLACKS



'Oh! East is East and West is West,' sighs the poet, but all the same, civilizations old and new meet in according Minton China a gratifying welcome... The fact is, of course, that charm and beauty and perfection have laughed at all frontiers since man in his queer wisdom made them.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD . STOKE-UPON-TRENT . EST. 1793

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Clouds

Portraits of clouds are as difficult to get as portraits of the dog in exactly the right attitude. They change in such an elusive manner that a really good picture which enables a specific type of cloud to be recognised at once is hard to get. That may be why air pilot training carries so little practical information about clouds. Yet they have such enormous value in weather prediction of the rough-and-ready kind that every attempt to define them is worthy of attention.

A little book has come my way by a woman pilot, A. C. Douglas, and it does present in an attractive and instructive manner a great deal of cloud knowledge. As Professor Brunt says in the foreword: the ideal text book for cloud study would be a selected series of films for these alone can display correctly the continuously changing forms. But the next best thing is a book of this kind which is copiously illustrated with photographs and with a few elucidatory diagrams.

I remember before the war some ingenious German got out a magnificent book of cloud studies and it is still somewhere on my bookshelves, though I have been unable to dig it out. It was concerned, however, almost entirely with the artistic side of clouds and it showed their variety and the amazing range of tone-values which they displayed. This book by Miss Douglas, which is called *Cloud Reading for Pilots*, is not so much concerned with the artistic aspect as with the practical and informative. We have here pictures which enable most of the main cloud formations to be recognised and to be checked, the definitions being taken from the International Atlas of Clouds. Professional weather-men have, I believe, improved their technique during the war. I do not mean that they know much more on their subject but that they are better able to present what they know in a clear and usable form to the air pilots. For instance, I believe that the weather predictions on which our bomber crews work are often precise to a degree which would have seemed hardly possible before the war. They tell where the cloud masses will be and whether they

will break and give a clear view of the ground. Cloud formations are often a guide to the correctness of the timing of a weather forecast and I hope this book will get a wide aeronautical public.

A Fine Film

THE Battle of Britain has been made the subject of numerous commentaries, filmic, literary and even musical. The American film on this subject, however, seems to me in many ways the most successful of the whole lot and it is a lesson to our own propaganda film makers of what can be done. It appeared to me to consist of selected pieces from news films with here and there a few posed incidents put in. Obviously this is a dangerous technique, for the posed incidents with the actor who is playing a part in it are apt to clash abominably with the real thing. The cinema camera catches curious inflexions when it is focused on real life and these nearly always elude the director who strives to create a naturalistic scene. But in the Battle of Britain film success is achieved. The whole thing hangs together and is a magnificent piece of descriptive film synthesis. I am sure that some people will grouse that the Hurricanes do not appear in the film and others that cannon are shown in action, whereas they did not appear in our fighters until later on. But these are minor points and should not, I think, be allowed to overwhelm the general good impression.

The only trouble is in these cases that one feels that so many people who deserve the credit fail to get it. For instance, I always look back on the Battle of Britain as being the greatest achievement of any engine manufacturing company in the world. All the engines were Rolls-Royce Merlins, for both the Spitfires and the Hurricanes were fitted with them. The latest assessments of performances incline to the view that



Warrant Officer J. Sandeman-Allen, a wounded fighter pilot, was awarded the D.F.M. at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace. His father, Flying Officer Sandeman-Allen, and sister, Section Officer Sandeman-Allen, as well as his mother, accompanied him to the Palace. The family come from Pulborough

our Spitfires and Hurricanes were not in fact quite so fast or quick climbing as the contemporary German fighters but that they were more trustworthy, more robust and more manoeuvrable.

Exhibition

WHILE I am on this subject of the Merlin engine, I would refer back to that excellent exhibition opened by Group Captain Helmore in Conduit Street and showing the development of this engine. One of the exhibits was that amazing old Eagle engine that formed one of the pair used by Alcock and Brown for their pioneer direct Atlantic flight of 1919. From that to the Merlin sixty-one one can trace the steady development and the constant striving towards improvement in every detail of the engine. Personally, I should have liked to have seen this exhibition made available to much larger numbers of people. It was held in the comparatively small showrooms of the Rolls-Royce Company and they are not in a part where great numbers of passers-by are likely to see them.

Commercial Flying in the United States

To many people in Great Britain the structure of the organisation which deals with civil flying in the United States of America is a mystery and, therefore, Captain A. G. Lamplugh performed a timely service in bringing back from his recent visit a clear picture of the position there. The two main-springs are the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Civil Aeronautics Authority. It is extremely important for people in British aviation who are seeking to sort out the various problems of the Empire services to see and understand the American plan. Captain Lamplugh's first-hand information is going to be useful to large numbers of those in authority over here.



You'll be proud of your feet
when you walk down the street
With a hinged wooden sole to your shoe.
The uppers are made
Out of gay hunter suede
And the soles flex like leather ones do.

Clarks

Made by G. & J. CLARK LTD. (WHOLESALE ONLY) STREET, SOMERSET
and by Clarks (Ireland) Ltd., Dundalk.



Those interested in their facial appearance should read Mr. Willi's books, "Facial Perfection," 2/6; "Looking Young," 2/6; "My Method," 1/-; "Living Canvas," 3/6; direct from

PERFECT FEATURES

can be obtained by the Hystogen method which was introduced to London in 1909 by the Swiss Specialist, Mr. C. H. Willi, and which has now developed into a great human art. During the last 35 years more than 10,000 men and women have permanently benefited by his method which has reached such a pitch of perfection that no one needs to retire from active life on account of an ageing appearance or be handicapped by an unsightly nose, outstanding ears, scars, skin flaws, etc. Consultations are by appointment only.

HYSTOGEN, 26 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3

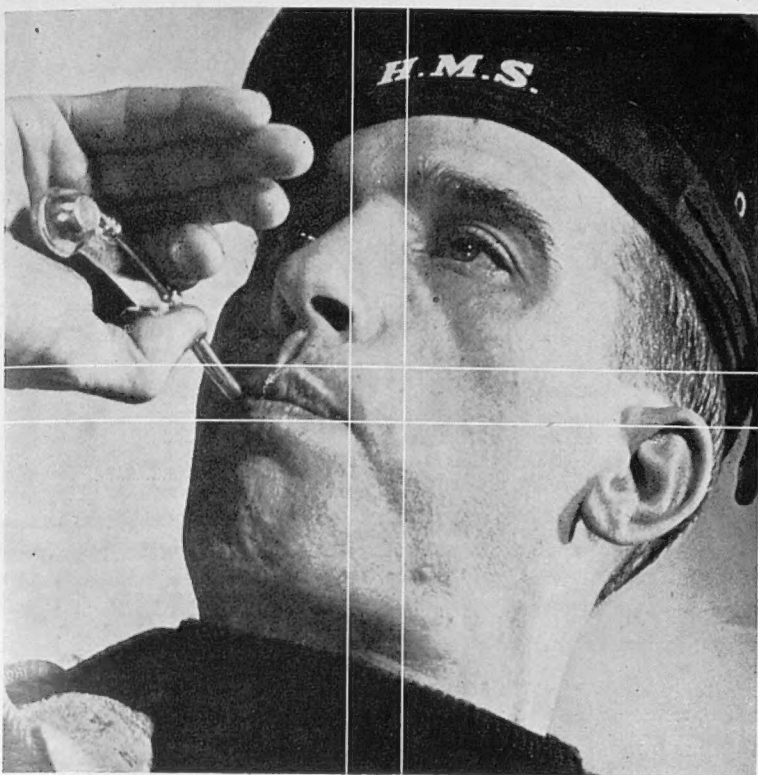
Normandie Hotel

Restaurant and Buttery. Tel.: KEN. 1400
KNIGHTSBRIDGE. S.W.7

**LUNCHEON and DINNER
DANCING**

to the **GREGORY QUARTET** 7.30-11.30

Terms On Application



Hands to Make and Mend

The Navy's half-holiday and time for a little relaxation and a pipe or two, and for pipe smoking there is no better tobacco than **FOUR SQUARE** in one or other of its six blends. In wardrooms and on mess decks its purity appeals to all sailors who like their tobacco as they like their rum, straight and unadulterated—no artificial flavouring about it.

"VIRGINIAS"

RED SQUARES. A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia. "Broken Flake" of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting - per oz. 2/11
BROWN SQUARES. A finer cut Empire Virginia, shredded and toasted. Dark in colour, but very soft flavour - per oz. 2/7

YELLOW SQUARES. Similar style to Matured Virginia but made exclusively from the best Empire leaf of Virginia type per oz. 2/7
PURPLE SQUARES. Curlies. The ever popular spun-cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe. Flavour-some and long-lasting per oz. 2/7

"MIXTURES"

BLUE SQUARES. A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. The indoor smoker's ideal. Rich in natural aroma but not heady. Medium cut - per oz. 2/11
GREEN SQUARES. A mixture of the old original Scottish type of medium strength and medium cut, made from selected Empire leaf - - - per oz. 2/7

FOUR SQUARE Cigarettes 20 for 2/4

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND



Straight sailing An officer can buy his entire outfit under one roof. Thus, with a little more effort than it requires to have his measurements taken, he can rest content that everything—the uniform itself, the underclothes and all necessary accessories—will be put together for him faithfully and completely. It is scarcely necessary to resort to higher mathematics to show that a large amount of both time and worry is saved by making use of this service.

Serge Reefer and Trousers from £9 10 0

Greatcoat from £12 0 0

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone: Regent 6789

Hussar

THE BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

Think of the best brushless shave you've ever had. Add a close, non-bubbling, active, lasting lather—and that's HUSSAR. For quicker, slicker shaves—get HUSSAR, today.

THE BROADWAY SURGICAL BUREAU, LONDON, W.1

a
Jean Claude
product.

WHICH
lathers

QUALITY CLOTHES FROM

Gorringes

WOOLLEN

Dress

FOR THE AUTUMN



"BALDERTON"

Charming all wool Frock with smart tucking on bodice. Well made with pleats in skirt. Black, Navy, Green or Gold, but please give second choice. Hips 38 to 46

£7.18.3

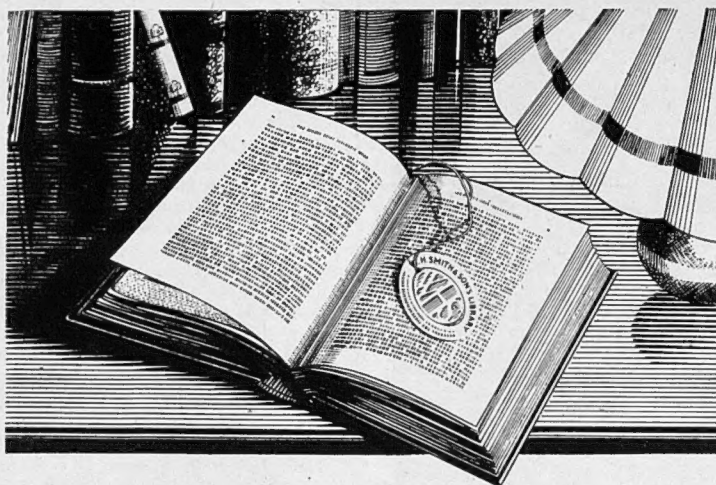
GORRINGES GAZETTE

Please send 6d. for next 3 issues.
Autumn issue now ready.

Frederick Gorringe, Ltd.

Buckingham Palace Road

Phone: VICTORIA 6666 (24 lines) S.W.1



The Booklover's "Season Ticket"

For the booklover who holds a W. H. Smith & Son's Library ticket the problem of autumn and winter home occupation is solved. The W. H. S. Library ticket is indeed a "season ticket" giving access to a whole world of reading for just so long as one cares to subscribe.

Ten shillings a year for "B" service—twenty shillings a year for "A" service—forty-three shillings a year for "Preferential"—the booklover can take his choice

according to his needs or the capacity of his pocket. If he prefers to subscribe for a lesser period he may do so for 6 months, 3 months, or even for 1 month only.

A membership ticket for W. H. Smith & Son's Library is about the best bargain a booklover will find in these days. Full details regarding rates for various periods can be obtained at any branch of the Library, or, in case of difficulty, direct from the Chief Librarian at Head Office.

MANY other services besides that of the Library are obtainable at Smith's Bookshops. Subject to war-time limitations, you can obtain newspapers and magazines, books, stationery, bookbinding, diestamping, printing, or arrange for your advertisement to appear in the Press.



W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD., 1500 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND AND WALES
HEAD OFFICE: STRAND HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

THE
BURBERRY
THE WORLD'S BEST WEATHERPROOFS



SERVICE KIT—Regular and Auxiliary.

Low charges for best work on Best materials.

Agents in all towns

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

corot
is a godsend
in wartime

corot makes it easy to obtain lovely frocks, coats, lingerie, etc., at modest prices on their instalment plan.

why don't you call at the showrooms, or write for their winter catalogue and order by post?

corot
33 old bond st.
(ref. t.27.) london, w.1

please send catalogue and details
enclose 2d. stamp.

name.....
(t.27.)
address.....



OLD BLEACH
household and embroidery

★ LINENS ★
and
FURNISHING FABRICS

THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD.
RANDALSTOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND

BREAST SUPPORTER

Trade Mark. Regd. Design Patents. Copyright Reserved.

White material, For drooping, heavy figures, from 59/6

Loose Breasts from 52/6

Pink, Silk or Net, Detachable straps Very low back model, from 63/-

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

TO PREVENT BREAST FROM DRAGGING, COLLARBONES FROM PROTRUDING, MUST WEAR JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SHOULDER CHAFE AND STOOPING, GIVES UPLIFT, RELIEVES PAIN INFLAMMATION, WHICH ARISE FROM NEGLIGENCE. ALSO DESIGNED FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING MOTHERS. PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING. MUST BE WORN DAY AND NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

FOR AMPUTATION. Prices on application.

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad

Personal fitting when calling or send your order.

Illustrated circular will be sent upon receipt of 2d. Order guaranteed immediately executed by return post.

Write of "Phone Welbeck 1249, 2016P

Obtainable only from Dept. T.435

"JOUJOU" Co., 32, Baker Street, London, W.1

Jacqmar

Newest Printed Slogan Scarves

"Combined Operations"
"Le Courrier"
"Don't"
"B.B.C."

55/10d. each. (2 coupons)

Write for Patterns to:

Jacqmar

16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1

Concentration

War work demands concentration; concentration is a great strain on the system—the result of a hard day's work may be headache—neuralgia—strained nerves—sleeplessness and that taut, pent-up feeling.



Relaxation

You must relax properly to work properly. Never put up with a headache. Never let irritated nerves interfere with real rest or prevent sound sleep. Take two 'Genasprin' tablets and *really* relax. You'll be a new man in no time!



'Genasprin'

kills pain QUICKLY—time it!

'Genasprin' is absolutely pure and safe. It cannot harm the heart or digestion. There is no substitute for 'Genasprin'. Get some from your chemist today. 7d., 1/5d., 2/3d.

The word 'GENASPRIN' is the registered trade mark of Genasprins Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.



REDI-BILT

INTERLININGS

KEEP YOUR
SUIT IN
BETTER SHAPE

LOOK FOR
THIS SEAL
ON YOUR
NEXT SUIT



Worth
looking
for



including
Purchase Tax 3^d each
Obtainable only from Retailers.
JAMES NEILL & CO. (Sheffield) LTD.

E 182



K.714

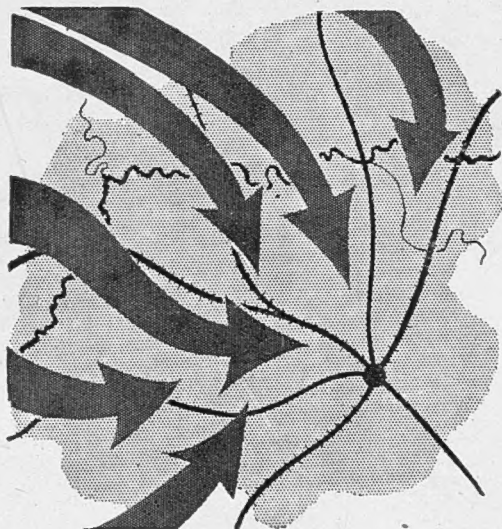
Enquiries :
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
W.1

Agents in West End :

NICOLLS of REGENT STREET

120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

TEL. : REGENT 1951



A WAR OF MOVEMENT

MODERN warfare depends on Railways as never before; they are of supreme strategic importance. British Railways are fighting and winning the greatest "War of Movement" in the world's history. Remember this and DON'T MAKE UNNECESSARY JOURNEYS.

RAILWAY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Valstar

"777"
Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY
AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS
HAVE THE VALSTAR "777"
RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW,
HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

J. MANDLEBERG & CO. LTD.
VALSTAR WORKS
SALFORD 6 Lancs

KERFOOT'S MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH • ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

TORBAY HOTEL

TORQUAY

Tel. : 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 BEDROOMS

SPECIAL TERMS
FOR H.M. SERVICES

WRITE FOR TARIFF T



Victory Parade, Tunis, May 20th, 1943

Daimler
goes to war

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED • LONDON AND COVENTRY

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1., October 20, 1943. Re-entered as Second-class Matter January 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.